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The City of London—IV

Should the Banks be Nationalised?

A Discussion between the Hon. R. H. BRAND and G. D. H. COLE

The Hon. R. H. Brand, Managing Director of Lazard Brothers & Co., and Director of Lloyds Bank, defends the present banking system, while Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Reader in Economics in the University of Oxford, argues that our banks should be nationalised

R. H. BRAND: Perhaps I had better begin, Mr. Cole, by asking you to state what are the advantages you see in nationalising our banking system.

G. D. H. COLE: By nationalisation I mean simply that the banks should be transferred from private to public ownership, and that they should be run as public concerns. I mean that they should be conducted as the instruments of a public policy looking to the advantage of the community as a whole, and not of any particular sectional interest. The banking system should be concerned with carrying out the financial aspects of the economic policy of the State. The Government of the day would, I assume, have sufficient sense not to attempt to interfere with the day-to-day technical conduct of the business, and to choose for that work the best men it could possibly find. I feel sure we have reached a stage at which it is quite indefensible to leave banking any longer as an uncontrolled factor in our social system. I suppose most people would agree that banking is the part of the economic system that is most liable to go wrong. That may not be the bankers' fault; but nevertheless the fact remains that all over the world banking has gone very badly wrong in recent years, and that in going wrong it has helped to throw the entire economic system out of gear. I want to nationalise the banking system as an essential part of a general policy of changing the economic organisation of society, and building up a new social order based on reason and justice.

R. H. B.: Perhaps it is as well to define a little more. We

have not time to go into the origins of the world crisis, and I will not say more than that those people are very wide of the mark who attribute it to the banking systems of the world, just as are those who attribute it to over-production. It is due to the enormous dislocations, particularly between different countries—debtor and creditor countries—produced by the War and by after-War policy. Those dislocations have, of course, played havoc not so much with banking, at any rate in this country, as with the international monetary and currency mechanism, which is the most highly-developed and therefore the most delicate part of our whole economic life, and it is perfectly true that neither Governments, nor peoples, nor bankers, nor Professors of Political Economy have yet adjusted, or found the means of adjusting, all the dislocations sufficiently to make the machinery work well again. That will take a long time still, whatever our form of government. But let me suggest that the first thing to do is to define what you mean by banking. There is a fundamental difference between central banking and central banking policy carrying with it the control of currency and credit, on the one hand, and the management of the joint-stock banks and all the other numerous financial institutions, on the other. Which are you talking about?

G. D. H. C.: Both; but let us take the central banking system first. The Bank of England, I agree, is an institution with a very long tradition of knowledge behind it: I mean, when it is a technical question of knowing what the consequences of its actions are going to be, and of preserving the solvency of the English banking system as a whole, which

depends on the Bank of England, I have no quarrel with the technical competence of the Bank of England at all. I have, however, a great quarrel with it on the grounds of the actual policy which it has followed from the standpoint of industry and employment generally. The Bank of England wields such enormous powers in determining the question whether employment and credit are to be plentiful or scarce, and generally in determining the entire fortunes of industry, that it is quite out of the question to leave it in what are, after all, irresponsible hands, or at any rate in hands which are responsible only in a secret and underground way.

R. H. B.: I don't dispute the fact that the fundamental monetary and currency policy of any country must in the end be determined by the Government. That is the position in this country now. Technically, of course, the Bank of England has shareholders and is a private institution, but everybody knows that in fact it is guided in its policy entirely by the public interest. Perhaps you will let me recall what the Macmillan Committee, with the exception of two members, namely Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Bevin, said on this matter. 'We have', the Committee said, 'in the Bank of England an excellent instrument for the centralised control of the monetary system, independent of political influences, yet functioning solely in the public interest: with long traditions and experience, and clothed with vast prestige, yet not distrustful (as we have learnt in evidence) of evolutionary change or hesitant of new responsibilities: entrenched in the centre of the struggle for profit and with access to the arcana of the market, yet itself aloof and untinged by the motives of private gain'. And they added, 'The major objective of a sound monetary policy cannot be attained except by the constant exercise of knowledge, judgment and authority by individuals'—and this is the point I would stress—'placed in a position of unchallengeable authority'. And even the two gentlemen I just referred to, while wishing the Bank of England to be a public institution, recommended that it should be free from political interference. Personally I regard it as very important that the Central Bank should be quite independent in its actual day-to-day working. I therefore wholly support the views of the Macmillan Committee of which I was in fact a member.

G. D. H. C.: There I don't agree. In my view the present Directors of the Bank of England, however honestly they may try to serve the interests of the community as they understand it, are by reason of their origin and point of view incapable of understanding those interests in the right way. They think of the prosperity of the City as the same thing as the prosperity of Great Britain. They pay far too much attention to what they regard as sound finance, and far too little to industry and to the need for getting the biggest possible output of goods and doing all that can be done to prevent unemployment. I believe that affairs would be very much better managed from the standpoint of the public interest if you had, instead of the Bank of England, a public corporation under full-time officers appointed for their technical competence, subject to the general control of their policy by the Government but left free in day-to-day operations, as the Government now leaves free the Central Electricity Board or the London Passenger Transport Board or the B.B.C.

R. H. B.: No one would say—I am sure the Governor of the Bank of England would not—that the Bank has not made mistakes since the War. Show me the Government which has not made huge mistakes! Nevertheless, under the Bank's management and with the help of a sound banking system, we are progressing at this moment better than any other country in the world. The temptations for a Government to destroy the efficacy of a central banking system—we have examples before our eyes at this moment on the other side of the Atlantic—are sometimes so enormous that Governments and Parliaments require checks and balances to protect them against their own

weaknesses. No one, however, who has any first-hand knowledge will deny that the Bank of England is run entirely in the public interests.

G. D. H. C.: I should strongly deny that it is, though I don't deny that those who run it think it is. I agree that a central bank, however controlled, will sometimes have to take unpopular decisions. I believe that it will be stronger in taking such decisions, where they are really desirable, if it is the instrument of Government policy, and I certainly have no use for a Government that is not prepared to take an unpopular line when that unpopular line is in the national interest.

R. H. B.: You have greater faith in Governments than I have, though perhaps your faith does not extend to a Conservative Government. I think our difference of opinion about central banking is due to differing views as to the strength of character, omniscience and wisdom of Governments.

G. D. H. C.: Perhaps we can get on if I agree with you that to nationalise the Bank of England by itself would not in practice make a very great difference. It is necessary as part of a general plan of banking reorganisation, but not of very great value in itself. Do you agree, therefore, that we should now turn to the joint-stock banks?

R. H. B.: Yes, I agree.

G. D. H. C.: Here we are dealing with the agencies through which the available amount of credit, as regulated by the central bank, somehow gets distributed amongst all the different people who for one purpose or another want to borrow money. My point of view is that, were we to introduce into this country what I may call a planned socialist economy—which is what I want—that planned economy would necessarily involve laying down in advance broadly the rate at which we intended to develop different industries and different types of enterprise. Now it seems to me logically to follow from this that you must have a financial mechanism that will ensure that credits will be available for the different types of enterprise in the proportions in which they are required. But if a plan is to work over the industrial field as a whole it will have to cover a large number of industries which there is certainly no present intention of socialising, and it seems to me that a socialist joint-stock banking system will be the main means by which a Government can make its industrial plan effective over all the essential industries.

R. H. B.: As we have now reached the real problem you must let me develop my answer first of all on rather general grounds. No one, I think, disputes—certainly I do not—that as we live closer and closer together all over the world, both as nations and individuals, we must submit to more and more regulation in different directions. Governments have more and more that task of regulation thrust upon them. But for every reason the tasks imposed on Governments should be limited to what is proved necessary and desirable, and this for many reasons. Governments are composed of ordinary human beings like you and me, not supermen. Our chief Cabinet Ministers are, as Mr. Baldwin has recently told us, enormously over-worked. Moreover, parliaments are not suited to controlling industry or banking. Therefore either our present system of Government will break down and be replaced by an irresponsible autocratic one, or our Cabinet and Parliament will have to devolve enormous powers on an equally irresponsible and vast bureaucracy. It is very easy to talk about national planners, but the world is an immensely complicated place. You would want unparalleled supermen, and I don't see them.

G. D. H. C.: If you mean that our political system badly needs overhauling so as to stop Cabinet Ministers' time being wasted over minor matters, I entirely agree. If you mean that the banks will have to be run by full-time salaried managers and staffs, again I agree. But to call a man a banker when he works for a private firm and a bureaucrat

(Continued on page 588)



Victims of the earthquake at Monghyr

The Earthquake in Behar

By CORNELIA SORABJI

I'VE just returned from a tour of the devastated area in Behar, and perhaps you may care to hear what I saw. I believe that my journey was the first made by an observer on the ground, after communications were re-established. The bridges over which I motored were waded with curling irons—in places bridges had disappeared altogether, and we crossed on foot over the dry riverbeds. In one case the bridge-supports had sunk, leaving the railway line spanning the air. Oddly enough, the trees weren't affected—and the banyan with its fibrous tendons provided shelter for the homeless. On the road to the ruined towns one passed this human salvage pouring out, not caring where it got to. At the Monghyo-Mazufferpore belt the earth looked as if it was streaked with fork-lightning, the fissures widening in places to several feet.

The earth had burst into muddy geysers—spouts of fluid shooting into the air with loud explosions to as high as twenty feet, and the sticky and gleaming deposit covers the land in wide patches. A careful Government survey is at the present moment trying to estimate how much damage it will actually do to cultivation. House property suffered most in the town areas, where the buildings are substantial.

Rivers had changed their courses: old landmarks were gone; canal embankments were washed away. Wells were dustbins, and the countryside was flooded, lying in parts five feet under muddy water. Ancient towns had become dumping-grounds for bricks and mortar: some were completely wiped out. Two thousand square miles of fertile lands are ruined, or so badly affected that years of effort will be needed to restore cultivation.

The behaviour of the rivers terrified the villagers most. A man was riding on an elephant to cross the Ganges. His coolies ran to him, crying 'Mother Ganges! She's gone!' And there, indeed, was a Red Sea passage over the river. Then there was a second shock, and the river was back in a rush. And 'Jail! Jail! Victory'—shouted the Hindus, 'The Victory of our Mother Ganges'. There were others who shouted 'Victory', too—the entire convict population of a jail, who escaped through walls that had fallen flat.

Women, children and animals suffered most. The women, being veiled, couldn't bring themselves to rush out into the open, and thousands were buried in narrow streets, caught even out of doors, by falling debris. The last Government statistics give 7,087 deaths, but digging still proceeds, and since two festivals had brought crowds of strangers into the

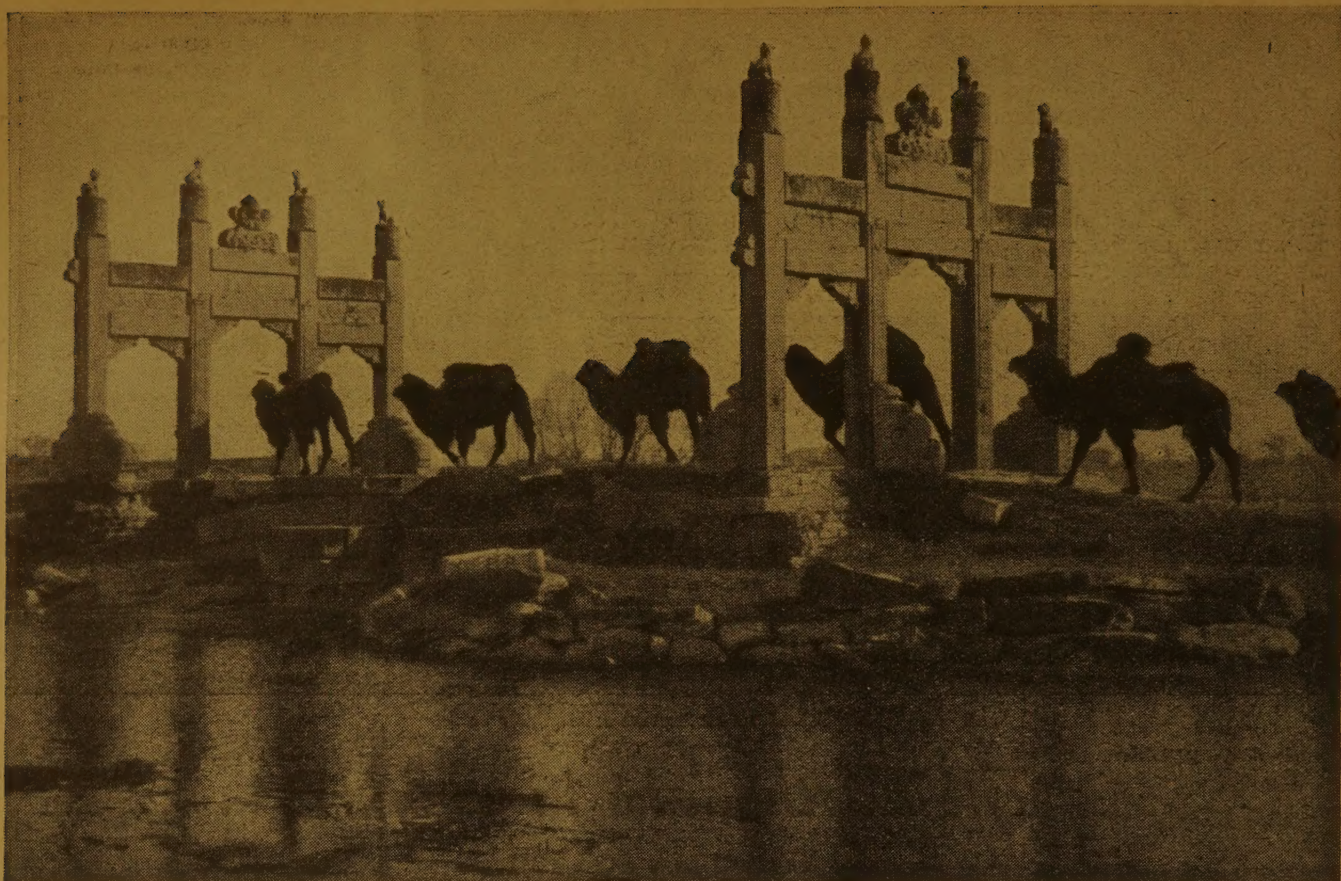
towns, the real mortality will not be known until the next census is taken. And then, of course, there were the injured, and I saw dreadful sights in the Field Hospitals; cases of fractures, of tetanus, of burns, of pneumonia due to exposure in the bitter weather of last winter.

One cannot speak too highly of the measures taken for relief. Rescue work was begun the day following the earthquake. The District officials, Red Cross Agencies, the Salvation Army, were at work—digging out the wounded, treating them at Emergency Centres, distributing comforts. Within a week the Tent Hospitals were pitched, and thirteen different societies, English and Indian, were at work in the worst areas. The police and military had been first on the spot, saving life and property, preventing looting, putting up shelters, blasting dangerous ruins. Government officials were worked to the utmost, disposing of the dead, keeping in touch with the living, allaying panic, distributing drinking water, seeing to necessary sanitation, reorganising life again.

I saw Courts of Justice held under banyan trees, schools assembled by the roadside, tailors seated on debris, with their sewing machines—'business as usual!' But the task before the Government is still colossal. In the towns Government and Municipal buildings—courts, schools, offices, residences, markets—will have to be rebuilt: bridges, roads, wells, canals, railways, and all communications must be restored.

In the country the problem is practically entirely agricultural, and the Government has already announced its intention of giving the Indian cultivator rehabilitation in every particular. The people who will probably suffer most are the English planters. They have made the agricultural prosperity of Behar, and after many vicissitudes had built up a flourishing sugar industry which was affording a means of livelihood to thousands of Indian cultivators and employees. Their factories are now in ruins: the sugar crop—a bumper harvest this year—could not be reaped for lack of crushing facilities. The immediate loss to the cane growers is put at about £600,000, and this estimate does not include personal losses and damage to houses.

Many of you have been helping through the Lord Mayor's Fund, and I know your sympathy has touched all those hearts so many thousand miles away. The Viceroy's Fund stands now at about £225,000 and will also need continuous reinforcement. But as well as desolation I also found unity and friendship; courage in place of stunned fatalism, and a new appreciation among the villagers of what medical aid and human effort can accomplish.



Gates of Honour near the Jewel Pagoda, Peking

H. v. Perkhämmer

*The Far East—XII**A Long-range View of China and Japan*

By PATRICK YOUNG

DURING the last ten weeks you and I have had the chance of hearing ten different people talk about China and Japan. Each has given us a faithful picture of some aspect of the life of these countries, and to make these pictures seem real and living all sorts of interesting details have been filled in. Each picture, you might say, has been a close-up.

Now, let us step back a bit, alter the focus of the camera, and try to get a long-range picture with a very wide angle lens. First, let us look at China from a distance. What a huge place! It is a continent, not a country. A continent of vast plains, mighty rivers and lofty mountains; with a very varied climate and a fertile soil. It is a continent as much apart from the rest of Asia as Europe is apart from Asia. But the people who live there, though they are not racially one any more than the peoples of Europe, though they speak a lot of different languages, have a way of sticking together when they are up against anybody else. They are bound together because they have the same ideas on most things, however much these ideas differ from ours. For instance, they all admire the same sort of thing in art and in music. They all have the same notions about proper conduct. They all have the same standards of right and wrong, and they all use the same written language.

In China, each acre is made to produce a great deal, each individual produces but little. For tens of millions, life from babyhood is a constant struggle against starvation, and millions fail in the struggle every year. With them duty to the family means everything; duty to the state nothing. Whether a man is rich or poor, he stands by his own kith and kin; there's no class consciousness. The great strength of the Chinese is that they can stick anything; their great weakness is that they will put up with anything.

And how about Japan? Japan is to this continent of China very much what Great Britain is to Europe. True, it is a day's voyage by the packet-boat to the East of the nearest mainland, instead of being merely an hour's journey to the West, like us.

But that doesn't make much difference. Japan, like China, is a land of small and intensely cultivated plots. In this country of mountains there is scarcely a square yard left untilled that could be cultivated. The Japanese, like the Chinese, eat fish; but in other ways Japan is very different from China.

Mediæval Japan was a country of great barons with a sort of feudal system. This developed a great respect for physical courage and the trade of arms, and has left behind class consciousness, as well as intense patriotism and pride of race. The active and enterprising temper of the Japanese is apt to make them impatient, but impatient Japan owes much to patient China. We are apt to think of ourselves as very go-ahead people. So are the Japanese. And yet when you come to think of it, we got our culture, our religion, indeed our civilisation from our neighbouring continent, and exactly the same thing has happened in Japan. They got all those things from China. Both Great Britain and Japan have, in fact, been great adopters.

The truth of the matter is that our island country was a back-lying place until Christopher Columbus discovered America. Just about the same time that America was discovered, a sea route to the Far East was discovered and trade between that part of the world and ours became possible. When our sailors and traders went East, they had a very different reception in China from what they had in Japan. The Chinese already knew all about commerce and banking, and they came down to their own front doors to meet the Western traders. These front doors became the Treaty Ports, in which, ever since, the principal foreign trade of China has been carried on. The Japanese, who thought they already knew all about fighting, no sooner discovered that the West had weapons which gave the East no fighting chance, than they proudly shut themselves up, allowing no one to come in and no one to go out. It is only two generations ago that a great change came in this policy of the Japanese. They suddenly woke up to the fact that they were no longer a remote island,

but were to the Pacific Ocean very much what we are to the Atlantic. Realising this, they not only opened their country to trade, but made up their minds that they would learn all that the West had to teach about the sciences of peace and of war, determined that in nothing would they play second fiddle to anybody. Accustomed to adopting, they adopted more greedily than any other people at any other time. An army, a navy, a

Now, if the Japanese are poor according to our standards, there is no doubt that the Chinese are a great deal worse off, and that for a generation they have been getting poorer.

A generation ago China discarded her traditional system of government and she has not yet found a new system. Ever since, there has been an unending succession of civil wars. Millions of men with arms in their hands; soldiers one day, bandits the next, and then maybe soldiers again. It isn't really that the ordinary people care what sort of system of government they have. All they want is peace and quiet. It is the Generals with armies at their backs, or ambitious young men with a Western education and no work, out for power and the spoils of office, that have made all the trouble; but as usual it has been the common people who have been the greatest sufferers. Those who were poor already have become poorer still.

There has not been nearly as much industrial development in China as in Japan, and so there has been very little economic gain to set off against the waste caused by all these wars. The Chinese were not used to adopting nor to enterprises requiring the co-operation of large numbers of people, and so it took them a long time to start any sort of industry. Industry did not, in fact, get going until about the time that these civil wars started. The extortion and general insecurity which results upon civil war has since made any rapid industrial development quite impossible. Notice, then, that these civil wars in China have had two main consequences for Japan. They have arrested the development of large-scale industry in China and so have helped to give Japan a long start, just as the wars on our continent helped to give us a long start. This first consequence was a bit of luck for Japan, but the second wasn't. China is the great natural market for Japan and these civil wars have reduced the purchasing power of China, and so reduced the amount of goods that the Japanese can sell in their natural market, just as wars reduced the ability of our continental neighbours to buy from us.

I daresay the Japanese wanted it both ways: a delay in China's start in industry and yet a fine market in China for their wares. But they couldn't get it both ways and when it came to a choice, perhaps they haven't always been sure which



How the Japanese portrayed the first Europeans (Portuguese) who visited their shores in the sixteenth century

Illustrations from 'An Outline of Exotic Art of Japan', by Ikenaga Hajime (J. L. Thompson and Co., Ltd., Kobe)

civil service, industrial towns, grew like the magic mango tree, all on the most approved Western model; and yet Japan remained Japan. The work of the peasant on his little plot with his home-made implements is not much changed, though he may be able to see the factory chimney smoking in the distance. The fisherman isn't much better off though steamers pass and rock his boat as they go by. Of course, Japan has now great industrial cities and much more is produced than before, but her population has increased nearly as quickly as her production. There may be more to eat, but there are a great many more mouths to be fed.

You see a great deal in the papers nowadays about the competition of Japanese manufactures with our own, and a great point is made of the way in which a lower standard of living helps the Japanese. It is quite true that in Japan, or in China, a house that suits the taste of the worker can be built in far fewer man-hours than are required to build any Council house here. It is quite true that a woman's clothes are made in a fraction of the woman-hours that are considered necessary by any self-respecting woman here—though some of them look mighty nice in those clothes. It is quite true that no ordinary person wants, much less expects, food and drink brought to his table from every part of the globe. I don't say that this necessarily means that they get less satisfaction out of life than you or I. How much would you give up in the way of accommodation or clothes, if you got glorious sunshine nine days out of ten? How many visits to the movies or chances of hearing the wireless would you give up in exchange for a glorious view of land or sea from your front door? Be that as it may, this doing with less is the principal reason why the Japanese can deliver under-vests in India at under a penny apiece, and bicycles at ten-and-six, and, so far as I can see, they are going to go on doing that until they have developed more expensive tastes and still more industry in relation to population.



Japan's first view of nineteenth-century civilisation—woodcut of the arrival of an American paddle-steamer

way they wanted it. They have been eager for business with their continent and yet they have been afraid that if their continent really got busy, they would be swamped by it. Not unnaturally, they have grown impatient, and they have interfered, on much the same line of argument that led to our interfering from time to time on our continent. Japanese interference has led to the boycott of Japanese goods and the boycott has aggravated the impatience. Lately, the 'need for a market' argument seems to have taken first place in the minds of the Japanese people, and they have determined that in that part of China which seems to matter most to them (that is, Manchuria) the development of their market is going to proceed. That seems to be at rock-bottom their reason for creating this new State of Manchukuo—with a Chinese Emperor stuck up in front, and a lot of Japanese behind pulling the strings.

So much then for the trouble between China and Japan, but what about us? We have lost a lot of our trade with the Far East too. What are we going to do about it? Of course, it is no use just criticising. It may be a nuisance when people can't get any sort of decent government, but it is a pretty tall order to govern a continent, and if the Chinese haven't made much of a job of it so far, I don't know that Europe has done much better. It is a nuisance that the Japanese have butted in on other people's affairs, but haven't we done much the same thing on the same sort of provocation? Perhaps there is a good deal more humbug in the Far East than in the West, but I don't know that there is any more hate. Compromises are a very well understood thing out there, and if nobody else gets unduly excited about it, I have no doubt they will settle things somehow.

But there are two things that I should like to say about what we, as Britons, should do. First: it is no use struggling for what you can't get, or, if you got it, you couldn't keep. We did get by an accident a big trade with China in things which were, or became, necessities of life to the ordinary man—cotton for making his shirt, for instance—but it was against the nature of things that we could keep it for ever. The standard of monetary remuneration is too different. Economic laws, as well as the spirit of nationalism, make it certain that the Far East is going to make such things for itself. But that doesn't mean that we cannot expect any trade with the Far East in the future—far from it. We will always be able to sell new things, or old ones greatly improved, of the kind which appeals to the tastes of these oriental peoples, or meets an unsatisfied need. In these things—novelties—we can hope to get a start; a long start for choice, and the more the people out there prosper, the greater

will be the demand for such things. Then again, we can hope for business in the capital goods produced by heavy industry, because there the cost of plant is relatively a large item, and the cost of labour is relatively a small one. The demand for capital goods will go up when, but only when, these countries are developing. So you see that in the long run our interest is that the Far East should prosper and develop.

Second, I want to say this. It is no use being impatient and expecting quick changes in a place like China or trying to foist on China our methods and our institutions merely because they happen to have suited us. There has been a

civilisation in China for thousands of years. If people like Professor Eddington and Sir James Jeans are right, and I suppose they are, the future of China's civilisation is going to last for millions of years. That makes the future of China frightfully important, of course, but it doesn't seem to make things frightfully urgent. Then again, I suppose that when you get down to fundamentals, the same things are good for everybody, but when you are dealing with comparative details like the form of a government, it doesn't follow that what has served us reasonably well must be good for the continent of China; or even the islands of Japan. We must be patient, and we must think a good deal before we even tender advice. Probably the best policy for this country in regard to China at the present time is to say mighty little and do less.

But you and I have very little to do with our country's policy in the matter, so perhaps it is wiser to ask whether there is anything we

can do ourselves that will be of any use. I think there is. The most useful thing we can do is to set a good example. After all, when you come to think of it, all the re-adjustments that are wanted in the world—industrial re-adjustment, national re-adjustment, international re-adjustment—all depend upon one thing. They can't come about till people are able to look at things from the other fellow's point of view, and are willing to meet the other fellow half-way. If each of us could do that, there wouldn't be much trouble here, and we should set a wonderful example to China and Japan.

The League of Nations Union is holding a National Conference on April 12-13 in Goldsmiths Hall, Foster Lane, E.C., for the purpose of uniting together all those bodies of opinion that are favourable to a policy of vigorous British participation in the organisation of peace. The second session of this Conference will be held at the Guildhall and will be open to the public; the speakers will include Sir Austen Chamberlain, Sir Norman Angell, and Dr. G. P. Gooch.



Chinese peasant at his mill

H. v. Perkhhammer

*Economics in a Changing World**Proceedings of the Empire Parliaments*

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

PROSPECTING round a certain library in search of grist for my economic mill, I came across the *Journal of the Parliaments of the Empire*, which is issued by the Empire Parliamentary Association. It consists of a summary of the proceedings of the Empire parliaments, and it is the kind of quarterly publication which gives one an extraordinarily interesting picture of world affairs seen through British eyes in the Legislative Assemblies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Irish Free State, Newfoundland, India, Southern Rhodesia, Malta, Ceylon and Bermuda.

In the case of Canada and Australia the *Journal of the Parliaments of the Empire* also covers the proceedings in the provincial and state assemblies. It is a world within a world. I opened the report at random and found, on page 245, the Attorney-General of Bermuda introducing a Bill to define the words 'British Empire'. Perhaps you would like to hear the official definition of the words 'British Empire'. 'British Empire' means the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the Dominions, India, the territories administered by His Majesty's Governments in the Dominions under mandate or otherwise, the British Colonies, the British Protectorates and Protected States, and the Mandated Territories, Tanganyika, the Cameroons under British Mandate and Togoland under British Mandate.

After noting that the Bermudan Government interests itself in agreements with shipping companies regarding cruising trips to the islands, I happened, on page 211, to begin to read a summary of the sixth session of the fourth Legislative Assembly in India. I read that the member for Industries and Labour moved a resolution that the Assembly, having considered the draft convention and recommendation concerning the age of admission of children to non-industrial employment, which was adopted by the International Labour Conference at its sixteenth session, should recommend to the Governor-General that he should not ratify the draft convention. In moving the resolution the member for Industries and Labour said that at the Conference at Geneva the delegates of the Government of India proposed that certain special conditions for India should be considered. They proposed that the age limit in the case of India should be ten for children in non-industrial employment, instead of fourteen as contemplated by the Conference, and that it should only apply to certain specified occupations. He added that it had been believed that this modification would be accepted by the Conference, but they were met 'with criticism, and different proposals were put forward by a lady from Spain', and that 'it would seem that the Conference was carried away by her eloquence and in spite of Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra's protests her proposals were carried by a small majority'. The official spokesman went on to say that in consequence of this event he considered that it was impossible for the Government of India to accept the convention. He said that he did not see how, if they adopted the convention, they were going to enforce it, and that in any case more important matters awaited attention. For instance, it was more important to exclude the children under ten from unregulated factories in which carpet-weaving and mica-splitting were carried on. After some discussion, the resolution was adopted. This debate, and a subsequent debate on a similar matter, opens up a very large subject, and that is the possibility of drawing up international conventions at Geneva which can in practice be universally applied and enforced. Conditions of labour are so entirely different in the East and the West, not to mention differences between Middle East and West, or even Eastern Europe and Western Europe, that it is extraordinarily hard to get a convention which, whilst satisfying the demands of public opinion in the more advanced countries, will not be regarded as utterly Utopian and absurd by employers and Governments in less advanced countries. Nevertheless, it would appear that slowly but surely we are moving towards a realisation of the essential unity of the world when a lady from Spain and Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra meet in open

debate by the shores of the Lake of Geneva. And at this point it seemed to me, as I turned over the pages of this report, that notwithstanding the present inward-looking passion of the nations, their economic interdependence is so great that they cannot escape its consequences. They can, and they are trying, consciously to regulate the nature of the international economic contacts, but the contacts remain.

I came to debates in the Irish Free State Dail on the subject of trade with foreign countries, bacon export quotas, export bounties and subsidies; and here I found a curious thing. I found Mr. De Valera recommending that the necessary action be taken in accordance with the recommendation of the report of the Imperial Committee on Economic Consultation and Co-operation; and, to cut a long story short, this meant that the Free State Government would contribute £960 a year to certain Imperial services to be undertaken by the new Imperial Economic Committee because they could no longer be undertaken by the defunct Empire Marketing Board. The Opposition, whilst welcoming this sign of Imperial co-operation on the part of the Government, 'begged the Government to reflect what confusion they must be causing in the minds of young people who in one breath were told that they were in the middle of a life-and-death struggle with the British Commonwealth, and yet were asked to join in inter-Imperial co-operation of this kind'. Mr. De Valera replied to this argument by saying that the Government 'would avail themselves of the position they had inherited in order to secure for the people whatever advantages there were in the forced connection. The co-operation here suggested was a free co-operation from which the Government could, and would, withdraw at any time if it did not suit their purpose'. Mr. De Valera denied that there was a life-and-death struggle with the Commonwealth, *i.e.*, with Australia, Canada and other countries. There was only a struggle between Great Britain and themselves on certain issues.

In the Union of South Africa there were interesting debates on the indebtedness of the farmers, and on the question of a Bill to provide subsidies towards the payment of interest on farm mortgage bonds.

Then to New Zealand, where there were debates, and very interesting ones, on price levels and purchasing power, quotas, central reserve banks and the Douglas Credit system. I think that last remark will please some of my listeners who write and say I never mention the Douglas Credit system.

In the Australian section I found debates on depreciated currencies, prevention of dumping, assistance to wheat growers, and the International Wheat Agreement.

And then from Canada, unemployment relief, trade with Russia, the relationship between the State-owned and private railways in the Dominion, the lumber industry and competition from Finland and Poland in the British market, and just by chance, on page 98, I saw that in the Provincial Assembly of Nova Scotia a Bill has been passed to set up a marketing board for the province.

There has been talk recently in our own Parliament and Press of some kind of Imperial Economic General Staff. It is clear from the debates in the Parliaments of the Empire that such a body would find many similar problems coming to it from all parts of His Majesty's Dominions, and it is also clear that in our inter-Imperial relations, in our need for striking a just balance between agriculture and industry, in our need for devising a suitable monetary system, we are face to face, in this world within a world, with exactly the same problems as are facing the larger world of which the Empire is but a part. This Empire laboratory and its annex, the countries which are now using sterling as an international measure of value, is distinguished by the fact that it is a collection of states between whom war has been reduced to something approaching 'unthinkable' proportions. In other words the political apparatus within which the economic experiments must be carried out should be able to stand a few unexpected pops and bangs. How, for example, are we going to combine New Zealand dairy produce and the output of the cows in this country?



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata

For Safer Roads

ON the eve of the Easter Holiday, Mr. Oliver Stanley, the Minister of Transport, broadcast a short talk, which we publish elsewhere in this issue and which contained a striking appeal to road users to see that the rising curve of road accidents is checked. The only force which in the long run can check it, is a determination of road users themselves to eliminate recklessness of all kinds. It is terrible that the Minister of Transport should be able to calculate on the eve of a public holiday that its passage would probably bring death to over a hundred people and injury to many hundreds more; and still worse that he should have to tell us that all these accidents 'could have been avoided by a little more care, a little better judgment, a little more patience on somebody's part'. Mr. Stanley's broadcast had its counterpart in the new Road Traffic Bill, text of which was published on the day following. Striking changes in the law are therein proposed, including the imposition of a speed limit in built-up areas, a strengthening of the law against careless driving, the provision of a driving test for new drivers (with extra tests for the drivers of heavy goods vehicles), and an improvement in the kind of reflectors used on bicycles at night. Equally important is that part of the new Bill which amends the law concerning third-party risks under insurance policies so as further to safeguard the position of those who are injured in motor accidents. And there is a clause in the Bill which will particularly interest those who have followed the recent campaign against unnecessary noise, a clause enabling the Minister to regulate the use of motor horns and similar appliances, either by day or by night.

These are some of the outstanding features of what Mr. Stanley calls 'my contribution to the campaign' for safer roads. 'The public has a right to expect', he admits, 'that everything that can be done by Act of Parliament should be done to lay down a proper standard of conduct on the roads and to punish those who deviate from it'; and he calls upon the local authorities throughout the country to play their part in the matter. But when all is said and done, legislation alone cannot make us a nation of more careful road users. For the law, as Mr. Stanley says, can only punish those who violate it, and cannot make them careful drivers. If the roads are to be made safer, 'it will only be by all of us who use the roads

accepting a varying degree of responsibility'. It is not only the small minority of reckless motorists, but the great body of road users—including the horse-driver, the cyclist, and pedestrian—that must share in this responsibility. And this responsibility is, of course, not a responsibility for a Bank Holiday period only: Mr. Stanley's words are intended to be borne in mind by road users throughout the coming months when the stream of pleasure traffic is at its height. On previous occasions when the people of this country have been called upon to discipline themselves in order to avoid some serious national loss or disgrace, they have responded without the spur of compulsory legislation. It should be possible to rouse something of the same spirit during the coming summer, and to bring down the formidable death and accident roll to more moderate limits, as a response not merely to the Minister's legislation but still more to the call which he makes upon our conscience.

Week by Week

WHAT is the best English? Mr. Shaw, in the course of the famous Conduit Street controversy, held that it was 'literally the King's English. Like his Royal grandmother before him, King George is the best speaker in his realm'. Professor H. C. Wyld has now come forward with his definition, in the latest tract of the Society for Pure English*. 'Everyone knows', he says, 'that there is a kind of English which is neither provincial nor vulgar, a type which most people would willingly speak if they could, and desire to speak if they do not . . . the type spoken by members of the great Public Schools, and by those classes in society which normally frequent them'. And he considers that this 'best English' is most constantly heard at its best among regular officers of the British Army. Passions fly high over these questions of good speech (as the Conduit Street letters showed) and probably many who have read thus far will already be angrily complaining of snobbery and class prejudice. The reasons, however, for Professor Wyld's preference are chiefly practical ones—the extent to which his 'best English' is in fact current throughout the country, and the marked distinctiveness and clarity of its sounds. And, after an extensive study of all kinds of broadcasters, he concludes that there is not the slightest doubt that, given a good delivery, this English is 'infinitely easier and pleasanter to hear and to follow than a type of English strongly coloured by provincial influence'. This definition is on the whole very close to that given in the first pamphlet of Recommendations to Announcers made by the B.B.C.'s Advisory Committee on Spoken English. The introduction to it laid down, rather cautiously, the principles that 'out of the broad band that comprises all district and class variants, there is emerging a considerably narrower band of variants that have a great measure of similarity'; and that 'those who speak any one variety of the narrow band are recognised as educated speakers throughout the country. They may broadcast without fear of adverse intelligent criticism'. The chief difference is in the greater latitude given by the Committee's definition. Professor Wyld almost excludes provincial influence, the Committee allows scope for local divergencies; which, in view of the proved popularity of Mr. MacDonald's Scottish voice, Mr. Shaw's Irish voice and Mr. Priestley's Yorkshire voice, is probably both practical and wise.

* * *

During the first three years of its existence the Pilgrim Trust, according to its Third Annual Report (1933), has spent approximately £180,000 in attempts to encourage those who are already in declared revolt against the destruction of the beauties of the English landscape and our country's art treasures. It has helped to preserve large open spaces in and

* *The Best English*. S.P.E. Tract xxxix. By H. C. Wyld. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

around Oxford and Cambridge, in London and elsewhere, and in addition to its benefactions to Westminster Abbey, Lincoln Cathedral and other churches, it has helped in the preservation of Durham Castle and agreed to help with the Roman Amphitheatre at Chester. During 1933 it has added to the list two London churches, St. Etheldreda and St. Mary-le-Strand; Tretower Court, Brecon; Edgar Court, Worcester; and Darwin's house at Down. The trustees in their Report pay a tribute to the work of the National Trust, but declare that outside limited circles of the population affected by this movement 'apathy is still wide and deep, and the need of disturbing this apathy is urgent'. In the field of art the trustees have decided to assist financially a scheme for the publication of a Corpus of English mediæval painting (as distinguished from MSS.). This Corpus is to be edited by Professor Tristram, who has already spent thirty years in surveying and studying the whole subject. Social work continues to form the other main field of the Trust's benefactions. Further help has been given to schemes for assisting the unemployed, particularly through the organisation of occupational centres; but here the Pilgrim Trust has made fewer grants than a year ago, in consequence of the increased activity of the National Council for Social Service. The Clydebank Mutual Service Association and the Thirty-three Club Group are two of the schemes which have received grants under this head. Substantial grants have also been made to five settlements and to several clubs and camps. During 1933 the Trust has felt on its financial side the effects of the world economic depression: investments have depreciated, and, owing to the fall of the dollar exchange, income has shrunk. The trustees have therefore avoided multiplying new ventures unduly and have preferred to focus their resources on projects with which they were already associated.

* * *

'Habit is a form of death; intention is an aspect of life' wrote Darrell Figgis; yet from evidence which has recently come to us from America, it appears that life may sometimes actually depend upon habit. The life of the American routine worker, particularly among machines or in laboratories, tends to be closely conditioned by his work. 'The record of such men', says a writer in the *Scientific American*, 'shows that, once he is taken off his life-long bench or lathe or desk, the retired man wanders in a sort of daze, lost in a strange life of leisure, and rapidly loses interest in life and often dies quickly'. The writer therefore puts forward a plan to provide 'work-interest' for retired men. He suggests that great industrial firms like Westinghouse, General Electric, or Eastman Kodak should set aside a shop-laboratory for their pensioners where they may engage in hobbies or apply themselves to invention. 'A paid superintendent, to keep them happy and peaceful, might also be an instructor in hobbies such as the making of machinery models, wooden objects, telescopes, or delicate scientific instruments'. It may be true that the provision of work interest would prolong the lives of routine workers, but it is more difficult to believe that inventions or discoveries may emanate from these men simply because they have a life-time of training behind them; and that this will amply repay the firms for the initial expenditure on their behalf. Indeed, according to the testimony recently given by Major F. A. Freeth, so far from fecundating natural inventiveness, routine work is more likely to banish all possibilities of it. Even the laboratory worker, said Major Freeth, has to beware of becoming mechanised. But the problem which the American plan raises is a serious one and sooner or later every highly industrialised country will have to face it. It is in fact only part of a more general problem, the training of the workers in the right use of the bountiful leisure which the progress of industry promises us. If, when he arrives at his retiring age, a worker possesses, besides the skill in his work, knowledge of how to use his leisure, he need not fear the sudden expansion of that leisure. It is reasonable to suppose, for example, that an Italian worker, who has engaged in the activities of the 'dopo-

lavoro', will be in a better position when his time comes to retire than his American counterpart.

* * *

The endocrinological interpretation of history—and particularly biography—seems to be gaining ground. In the latest issue of *Character and Personality* Mr. H. H. Fantham, of McGill University, Montreal, analyses the personality of Charles Dickens in terms of his glandular make-up. He deduces from Dickens' physical appearance and from the sickness of his childhood that he suffered from inefficient functioning of his parathyroid glands, which regulate the organs of the heart and stomach. Dickens' literary genius and manifold social activity in adult life he attributes to the exceptional combination of active thyroid and adrenal glands. 'People with dominant thyroid constitutions', he writes, 'talk fluently and easily, with animation, as Dickens did. They are sensitive and acute in their perceptions and have relatively good memories. Essentially they are the great doers of things and not mere on-lookers'. And he continues with, 'the vigour, energy, persistence and sympathy of Charles Dickens may be said to be due to good balance between his pituitary, adrenal and thyroid glands, with the two latter however dominating'. Dickens' marital troubles he ascribes also to glandular causes. 'The portraits of Mrs. Charles Dickens tend to confirm the diagnosis of slight sub-thyroidism', a condition 'which made her seem somewhat lazy, apt to give in to difficulties, to be very concerned with creature comforts and unable to mobilise the energy to comply immediately with his whims'. The comparatively early decline and death of Dickens at the age of fifty-eight are ascribed to continuous overwork, which 'acting on a not too robust constitution largely wore out his adrenals and strained his thyroid'. His vitality was particularly drained by the famous public readings from his works which he continued to give throughout the later stages of his career.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: Enormous tasks of slum clearance and rehousing still lie before local authorities in Scotland, and the Secretary of State is calling insistently for speed and decision in the handling of the problem. His appeal will no doubt have its effect, but as the public conscience is awakened to its urgency, so will it realise that it is not merely a matter of engineering and building, but one of planning and design with an eye to the appearance of the New Scotland. It can be said at once that we have inclined to make a mess of things so far, both public and private enterprise being responsible for schemes not adequately related to the centres of population they serve, and just simply ugly, or undistinguished at the best, in respect of design. The level of municipal taste among us is confessed in the failure so far of local authorities to take advantage of the wide powers offered them by the Town and Country Planning (Scotland) Act of 1932—a measure which, besides covering all the obvious issues of convenience and hygiene, declares specifically that the provisions to be inserted in any scheme may include those deemed necessary 'to regulate the size, height, design and external appearance of buildings'. This, alas, is an aspect of amenity by which the majority set little store. Only the other day the Dean of Guild Court at Falkirk, itself a town rich in buildings in a good native tradition, passed the plans for a large Tudor building to be set up in the heart of the burgh—a building ecstatically described as being 'like the Liberty building in Regent Street, London', and welcomed by the Provost of Falkirk as giving the community 'the London touch'. The Planning Act provides for the co-option to the appropriate bodies of independent architects, artists and so forth in an advisory capacity, but it is very doubtful if the opinion that favours them can prevail against the prejudices of municipal engineers and the average town councillor. We simply have to face the fact that it will take generations of education to raise the standards of popular taste in Scotland, and it seems certain that a great opportunity will be lost in the meantime.

Safety on the Road

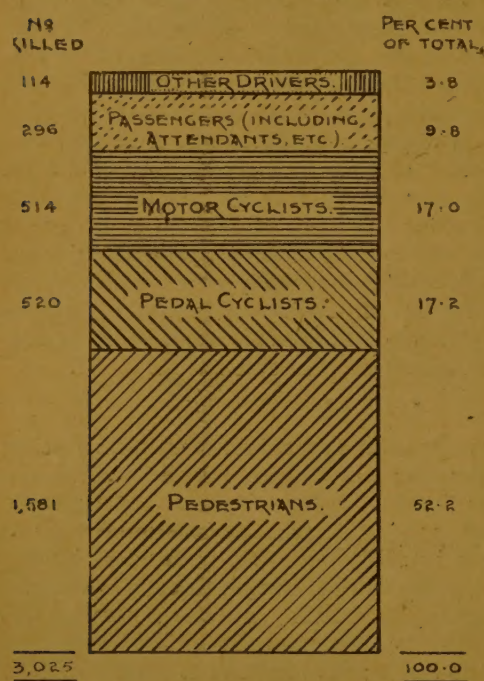
By Major the Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.

Broadcast by the Minister of Transport on March 27

IN a few hours the Easter holidays will begin. Many of you will be off for a change from your usual surroundings—most of you will at least be having a rest from your usual work—and by Tuesday night, if we are to judge from the experience of former years, there will be over a hundred people dead and many hundreds injured on the roads of this country, while days which were meant to be a time of rest and enjoyment will be remembered by thousands as a time of mourning and of loss.

And it is not as if we could not help it. If this terrible

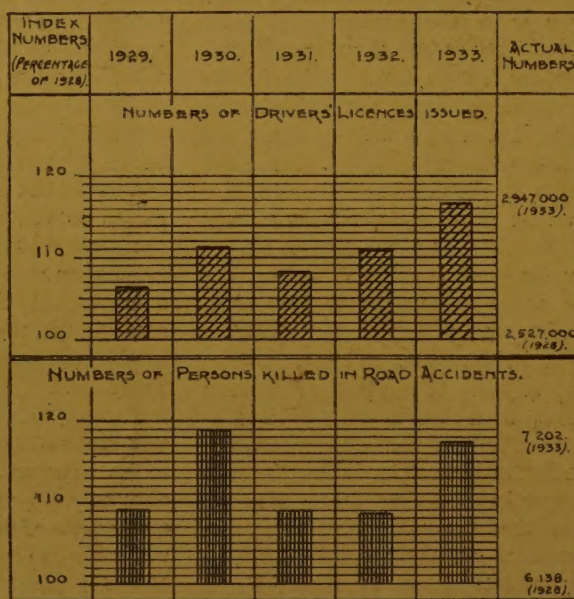
NUMBER OF PERSONS KILLED IN ROAD ACCIDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN DURING 6 MONTHS ENDED 30TH JUNE 1933.



casualty list were the work of some malign fate whose working we could not fathom, or the result of machinery we could neither understand nor control, we might regard it philosophically as an inevitable price we had to pay. But it isn't. We alone are

NUMBERS OF DRIVERS' LICENCES ISSUED AND OF PERSONS KILLED IN ROAD ACCIDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

NUMBERS FOR THE YEAR 1928 = 100.



to blame, and I am prepared to say now that every accident which will have happened by next Tuesday could have been avoided by a little more care, a little better judgment, a little more patience on somebody's part.

If we have it in our power to stop these tragedies, how long are we going to let them go on? Each of us in our own way has some responsibility: I am not going to minimise mine. You have a right to expect that, as the member of the Government responsible for the traffic on the roads, I shall do all that can be done by Act of Parliament to lay down a proper standard of conduct on the roads and to punish those who deviate from it.

Those who are responsible for the making and the maintenance of the roads have their part to play. No power on earth can make a road safe for recklessness or folly, but we can do something to make the safe man safer and to make the results of recklessness less certain and less disastrous. I can count, I know, on the active co-operation of highway authorities throughout the country in this branch of the work. But even then when we have done all we can to the laws, and all we can to the roads, there will remain a lot to do, and only you can do it. The law can't make a man careful, it can only punish him if he isn't, and punishment won't bring the dead back to life or restore the injured. Only the co-operation of every user of the road—motorist, cyclist and pedestrian—

only their caution, their care and their courtesy can make the roads really safe.

I know how we are apt to feel about the other fellow. When I am in a motor, I feel that if the pedestrian doesn't like it, he can jump for it. When I am a pedestrian, I want to show the 'something' road-hog that I have as much right on the road as he has. But that sort of thing is as silly as it is dangerous. It is no good arguing which has the better right to the roads, motorists or pedestrians. The fact is they are both on the road and they are both going to stay there.

Years ago, when motoring was the privilege of the peer or the plutocrat, it might have been possible to resist what was only the luxury of the few. But today the luxury of the few has become the necessity of the many. There are current today nearly three million drivers' licences, or in other words, one person out of every ten, between the ages of 17 to 70, expects to have the opportunity of driving a motor vehicle. Every year about 9,450 million journeys are taken on the roads in public conveyances, or an average of 210 trips a year for every man, woman and child in the country, while the 400,000 commercial motors mean to every consumer greater cheapness, more variety and quicker delivery of the things they buy.

No, there is nothing to be gained by slanging each other. If the roads are to be made safer, if this terrible casualty list is to be reduced, it will only be by all of us who use the roads accepting a varying degree of responsibility. The greatest

responsibility of all is on the motorist. I don't say that in any accusing spirit: there are, of course, careless, reckless, criminal motorists, but they are in the small minority. The responsibility of the motorist is the greatest because his vehicle is the most dangerous, because his carelessness, his mistakes or even his failure to avoid the mistakes of others are the most serious and the most fatal in their results.

But even so, the other road users, the man with a horse, the cyclist, the pedestrian have their responsibilities too. Their carelessness may result not only in their own deaths but in leaving others, innocent of fault, to go through life haunted with the

memory of a fellow-being's death.

I am not trying to advise or to teach. Others more competent than I am are going to be given the opportunity of doing that in the coming weeks on the wireless, by the film and in the Press; while the National Safety First Association (with a contribution of £5,000 from the Road Fund) is undertaking through its central organisation and its local branches a special campaign, in which it deserves all public support.

I am only trying to appeal to all of you for your sympathy, your help and your action in an attempt to stop a casualty list which is relentlessly growing and which if nothing is done will end by bringing its message of sorrow into every house in the land.



Jesuits carrying food across the frontier on their expulsion from Spain

Church and State in Spain Today

By W. HORSFALL CARTER

Part of a talk broadcast on March 22

ALL parties in Spain are beginning to realise that something has got to be done about unemployment—the figure is somewhere about 600,000—and that the national interest demands a little less solicitude for those who are in work. One proposal which has the support of all the Left parties, and a large section of the Centre—like the Radical Party which now holds most of the offices in the Government—is for a vast public works scheme, for building new schools, colleges, Law Courts, prisons, Post Offices, etc., under the direction of a special National Building Committee; the money, some thousand million pesetas, to be raised by an issue of Treasury Bonds. Another suggestion comes from the moderate Right Party, the *Accion Católica*, whose leader in Parliament, Señor Gil Robles, has presented a Bill for a permanent system of unemployment insurance—the State to float a loan of a hundred million pesetas for the purpose.

The younger Catholics and the followers of Señor Azaña are also agreed on the need for some kind of economic chamber, perhaps on the basis of guilds, as an adjunct to the Cortes. But there is one big obstacle to a consolidation of the Republic on these lines—the everlasting conflict, the chronic civil war, as Señor Unamuno calls it, as to the position and power of the Church. That is the real question at issue and the explanation of the Lerroux Government's embarrassment. For the Radical Party, led by the Prime Minister, was so anxious to take advantage of the reaction which had set in against Señor Azaña and the men who had put through the Constitution, that it teamed up with all kinds of Right elements for purposes of the election. Now, being the largest party in Parliament, it finds itself nevertheless a prisoner of the Right, which is openly working for a revision of the fundamental Articles of the Constitution dealing with the relations of Church and State. Señor Lerroux' own party is traditionally, however, the champion of the lay State—on the pattern of the French Radical Party. And its members in the former Cortes all voted for the law regulating the religious congregations, etc. So either he must go back on all that his party has always stood for or he must break off relations with the parties of the Right with which he formed the alliance to win the electoral victory last November. He daren't take the plunge, so the Government just marks time.

One of the first measures passed by the new Cortes provided for clergy pensions. That was all right. Few Spaniards are so anti-clerical as to begrudge assistance to the impoverished parish priests, who never did get their fair share even when the Church was wealthy and all-powerful. Actually, under the Constitution, the old ecclesiastical supply item of the Budget was to disappear—it terminated legally at the end of last year—and the Church was to be supported solely by the faithful who have evidently not come up to the scratch. But neither this minor attempt to placate Catholic sentiment nor the commonsense arrangement by which members of the Religious

Orders are to be allowed to go on teaching until there is an adequate supply of state schools and teachers to replace them, was likely to keep the fiercely anti-clerical Spaniard awake at night. An incident in Madrid Cathedral on February 13, however, at a special service in honour of the Feast of the Pope, showed that the Church is out to regain its political and economic power if it possibly can, and all the latent animosity against clericalist influence has been stirred.

By the new Constitution the Church was formally disestablished; its property vested in the State and only lent to the faithful for purposes of worship; the Religious Orders one and all were forbidden to teach in the state schools or to engage in commerce; and the Jesuit Order, the most powerful and wealthy, disbanded. The whole idea was that, while there was no question of anti-Christian or anti-Catholic legislation, the Church should be firmly put in its place, as a private international corporation subordinate to the State like any other. When the Congregations Law and the other measures depriving the Church of its former extensive political and economic power were passed, there were, of course, vehement protests and threats of excommunication from the Bishops and spokesmen of the Orders, and the Pope issued a special Encyclical about it. But the new regime was evidently working smoothly enough, the Papal Nuncio was never recalled, the President, an ardent Catholic, continued to go to Mass, and it is only now, with the Catholic elements having the whip-hand in the Parliament, thanks to Señor Lerroux' over-clever manœuvring, that the whole question has been reopened.

The clash has come on the question of a Concordat, or treaty with the Vatican. Señor Lerroux early on let himself be rushed into agreeing to open negotiations with the Vatican for a Concordat, and just before the last Cabinet re-shuffle and the Labour disturbances the Foreign Minister was detailed to go to Rome as a special plenipotentiary. The Prime Minister realises now, no doubt, that this was a fatal error on his part. A Concordat undermines the whole basis of the Republican legislation, since it would straightaway establish the Church as a power enjoying equality of status with the State. Nothing can stop the Church having enormous influence. But there is no sense, from the Republic's point of view, in giving it the kind of privileged position which it enjoys, for example, in Italy, as a result of the Lateran Pact. And Señor Lerroux knows very well that large sections of the middle and professional classes that have tolerated the social reaction of the past few months would rise like one man and smite any Government that did so. Sir George Young, in his recent book on *The New Spain*, sums up the position when he says 'Spain is not yet in social revolution; she is in secular revolution'. The telegram received from some remote village at the Ministry of the Interior just after the Provisional Government of the Republic had taken over—'Republic proclaimed, what shall I do with the priest?'—was typical.

Radioactivity Today

By J. G. CROWTHER.

The recent discovery that radioactive substances can be manufactured in the laboratory is of immense scientific interest, and must have far-reaching results on the medical use of radium treatment

RADIUM! Could any word be more thrilling and resonant? The first part of the word suggests the light radium sends out, for the fingers of watches are often painted with a preparation containing radium in order to make them visible in the dark. Think of the second part of the word, too. It has a vibrating resonance which seems to me just right in the name of a substance that sends out extraordinary radiations. A piece of radium is, in fact, its own broadcasting station. No doubt the B.B.C. will one day allow a piece of radium to speak to the world. The experiment is technically quite simple, and I shall say something presently about the sort of language which radium speaks through the medium of a loudspeaker. I may say, in passing, that the B.B.C. would find itself in some difficulty in arranging for radium to give a broadcast. The difficulty would not, as you might imagine, be scientific, but political! The peculiarity of radium is that neither it nor anybody else knows what it will say before it speaks through the medium of a loudspeaker. Radium could not be edited, because its remarks are absolutely unpremeditated; they are governed by the laws of chance. Many of the deepest discoveries concerning the nature of the material world have been made through 'listening-in' to radium.

Madame Curie, Lord Rutherford, and all the famous investigators of radium and other radioactive substances often arrange that these substances shall speak to them through loudspeakers. More often they arrange that the peculiar messages from these substances shall be automatically taken down on a tape-machine, as the messages from another notorious region governed by the laws of chance, the Stock Exchange, are taken down by tape-machines in many cities and countries. Comparisons are odious, so I will not compare the worth of studying tapes of messages from the Stock Exchange with the tapes of messages from radium.

Madame Curie became a poet when she was inspired to invent the word 'radium' for the extraordinary substance she discovered thirty-six years ago. She doesn't look like a poet. I saw her a few months ago while she was attending a conference in Brussels. The extreme simplicity of the appearance of the most distinguished woman scientist known to history is magnificently suitable. Her manner seems to suggest that nothing more than the plainest of plain statements is necessary to establish the immortality of what she has to say.

The other master of research into radioactivity is Lord Rutherford. Throughout the world he is regarded as the greatest leader of contemporary experimental physics. I have heard his work discussed in many countries in Europe. I have often heard scientists in Russia discussing his work and his laboratory, and sometimes I have thought that the Russians admired him more than any other living Englishman. The most remarkable opinions on him that I have heard have been in Germany. The Germans have had a great tradition of learning. Germans are frequently better educated than Englishmen of equal standing. They therefore tend to believe that a great scientist must also be an immensely learned man who always speaks obscurely because his ideas are so profound. Now Lord Rutherford never speaks obscurely. Even when he addresses the most learned audiences he expresses his ideas in remarkably simple language. Hence German scientists sometimes feel he is rather like a magician. He makes most profound discoveries by extraordinarily simple thinking.

The quality of the great scientists of today—of Madame Curie, Lord Rutherford, Professor Einstein, Professor Niels Bohr, Professor Planck, and many others—is equal to the best that has existed in the history of man. This is a most important matter. Humanity has never been abler than it is today. This is proved by the performances of the investigators I have just named. I consider this fact is the proper basis for optimism concerning the future. There is no adequate evidence for the view that humanity has not got the ability to organise its social life on higher levels, and must, therefore, go back to more primitive forms of government.

The history of recent research concerning radium and the laws of nature shows that humanity today has extraordinary ability, and is not decadent. At the present time we often hear about the disintegration of atoms. Why is it that when atoms are being disintegrated every day many men are finding their jobs and homes are also being disintegrated? The disintegration of atoms and the disintegration of society seem to many to have occurred at the same time, by a bitter celestial irony. In my opinion this is not an accident. The present upheavals in nations and in industries, and the present triumphs in scientific research are both due to the same deep social forces. One part of humanity strives for power over another part, and for power over nature. The present wonderful activity in science is, in my opinion, chiefly due to the fact that science is paid for by social groups who wish to obtain the increase in power which comes from the possession of scientific knowledge. Intense activity in scientific research and intense social and industrial change and struggle not unnaturally occur at the same time.

Humanity has not yet discovered the best way of incorporating the result of scientific discovery into its social system. The social struggles of today are due to the attempts of men to utilise new knowledge in the mechanism of social life and industry. I will not, on this occasion, suggest how new scientific knowledge is best introduced into social life and industry, but I will insist that our present difficulties are due to our past successes, besides our past failures. For this reason let us seek the solution of our difficulties by looking forward, and not backward.

You see, I think radium is wonderful, not only in itself, but in its significance as the expression of deep social movements. Scientific discoveries don't spring into the world without rhyme or reason. Science is as much an aspect of life as literature, politics or sport, but its connections with the rest of life are not often clear. In fact, the connections are often so obscure that many acute thinkers deny that they are important, or even deny that they exist. But they do exist, as students of the history and psychology of scientific research are beginning to discover.

And now, what is this radioactivity? I will say a little about the details of the phenomenon. Radioactive substances consist of atoms which disintegrate spontaneously. The atoms exist for a time and then suddenly break up off their own bat. For instance, an atom of radium exists, on an average, for about two thousand years, and then suddenly breaks into two pieces. One piece is big, and is named an atom of radon. The other piece is small, and is named an atom of helium. The small bit flies out with a tremendous speed. When there are a lot of radium atoms together, as in a piece of radium, streams of these small atoms of helium are flung forth. The streams of ejected atoms of helium are named a radiation from the radioactive substance, radium. The radiations from the radium have the power of releasing electricity from an electrically charged apparatus. If such an apparatus is connected to a loudspeaker, a click will be heard each time one of the atoms, in the beam of radiation from the radium, enters it.

After the radium atom has broken up, the main piece left is an atom of radon. This substance itself breaks up after about four days on the average. Its atoms split into one large part and one small part. The small part is, as with radium itself, an atom of helium. The big part is yet another sort of radioactive substance, which again splits. The big part of this splitting also subsequently splits. But it sends forth not beams of helium atoms, but beams of electrons—little particles of negative electricity eight thousand times lighter than atoms of helium.

It is easy to imagine the complication of radioactive research. A piece of radium breaks up into a succession of about ten substances, all of which are sending forth atoms of helium or particles of electricity, and all at different speeds. At any moment a piece of radium is producing ten substances around itself. Besides the streams of helium atoms and the streams of electrons, the group of substances which are produced by the radium and collect round it also emit a genuine radio-wave.

These radiations are of the same sort as radio-waves, but their wavelength is enormously shorter. The length of the waves from a disintegrating mass of radium is about one million-millionth of a metre! Rather a short wave, but still, a real one! These very short radio-waves from radioactive substances are produced by the excited bits left after the disintegration of a radioactive atom. They have important medical value. These waves from radioactive substances are capable of penetrating great thicknesses of flesh and bone, and even metal. They are even more penetrating than X-rays. They can be sent through the bodies of persons who have cancers inside internal organs. In some cases the waves destroy the cancers, and in many cases they reduce the severity of the disease.

The ordinary radioactive substances, such as radium, are found existing in the surface of the earth. They exist in very small quantities, as one would expect, for they are continually breaking up, and there must be very little left out of the original stock with which the earth was endowed, when it was formed out of the sun 5,000,000,000 years ago. As the amount of radium in the world is very small and scattered, radium is very expensive. An immense amount of mining and refining has to be done before even an ounce of radium can be obtained. Hence an ounce of radium is worth about £500,000.

It is easy to see that the discovery of how to make a radioactive substance might, in the future, have tremendous practical importance. In any case, it would be of tremendous theoretical interest, because it would provide much more knowledge of the mechanism of radioactive disintegrations, and hence, of the structure of matter. Imagine, then, the excitement of the scientific world a few weeks ago, when M. Joliot and his wife, Madame Curie-Joliot, who is a daughter of Madame Curie, announced that they had made a radioactive substance in their laboratory in Paris! The Curie-Joliot have discovered that if the element boron is bombarded with the particles ejected from polonium, it is disintegrated, and the remnant of the disintegrated atom is a hitherto-unknown sort of nitrogen.

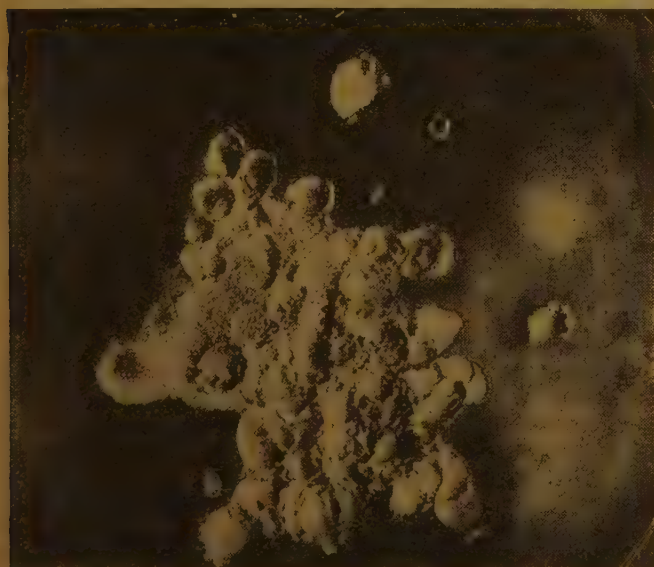


Part of the 2½ million volt German lightning generator constructed for sputtering the atom
Photographs: Paul Popper

This new sort of nitrogen, unlike the common nitrogen of the air, is unstable and disintegrates, on the average, after about a quarter of an hour. The Curie-Joliot found that aluminium could be disintegrated in a similar way, and produced a sort of phosphorus which is radioactive. They found, too, that magnesium could be made to give a radioactive form of silicon, the chief constituent of glass. These artificially made radioactive substances do not eject radiations of the same sort as those sent forth by radium. They emit positive electrons—that is, particles of positive electricity. Positive electrons themselves were discovered only eighteen months ago.

The Curie-Joliot discovery immediately suggests the possibility that scientists will be able to make a greater variety of substances than those found naturally in the earth's crust. If one sort of radio-nitrogen can be made, may it not be possible to make several sorts? So, in the future, we may know more radioactive than non-radioactive substances, and we shall come to regard the old stable substances as the real peculiarities, and radioactive substances as the normal thing.

Before the excitement of the Curie-Joliot production of radioactive substances had passed, Dr. J. D. Cockcroft, the famous Cambridge disintegrator of atoms by machinery, announced that he had succeeded in making radio-nitrogen out of carbon by bombarding it with hydrogen. The Curie-Joliot had accomplished the feat of making radio-nitrogen, but they had had to use polonium, another radioactive substance, in order to do it. Cockcroft has made the radio-nitrogen by machinery, out of two of the commonest substances—carbon and hydrogen. These achievements are too thrilling to leave me with the breath to describe them.



High velocity cathode rays meet a brass plate lying in their path with a terrific impact. Crater-like cavities form on the surface due to the intensive evaporation of the material. The blisters are indicative of a hollow space formed inside the material owing to the action of the rays

Light—VI

Ether Waves of All Kinds

By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG

IN this, the last of my short talks on the subject of Light, I would like to take a wide view, including within its survey a great range of ether waves which do not affect the eye. If the term 'light' is held to refer only to such waves as are visible, we shall be going outside our subject; but it is well worth while to do so because we then find that we are in the presence of a vast impressive continuity in Nature. The waves that we do not see play also a tremendous part, and unless we study the properties of ether waves as a whole we miss the sense of a great unity.

So far as we can discover there is no limit to the size of ether waves; there are no maximum or minimum values. The waves used in broadcasting range, as we may learn from the *Radio Times* or the newspapers generally, from a few metres in length up to many hundreds of metres. The waves that we can see lie within very narrow limits; the wave length in the red is about the thirty-thousandth of an inch, in the blue about half as much. The X-rays consist also of the same sort of wave, but the length is many thousands of times smaller than in the case of light. Radioactive substances send out waves that are much shorter still. Over this immense range there does not appear to be any variation in nature; the quality is determined by the wavelength alone. From this point of view we look on the radiations formed of ether waves as one great whole, of which a certain minute fraction is selected as that which we can see, and more particularly call 'light'.

Let us pass the various lengths in quick survey. The longest that we observe are those that are used in broadcasting. They travel like the rest at a speed of 186,000 miles a second; they are reflected and refracted in the same manner as visible radiations. It is, in fact, due to a particular form of reflection that broadcasting over wide distances is possible. There are layers of air in the atmosphere which reflect the waves. Their capacity to do so is due to their electrical state, and this again is due to radiations from the sun and from space. But we must not turn aside to follow these two lines of enquiry. These layers lie spread over our heads like a great canopy, a hundred miles and more above the ground, and keep down the waves just as the ceiling of a hall reflects sound and turns it down again. The canopy is spread over the whole earth. Sometimes it is ineffective, and then the wireless waves break through and are lost in space; when that happens the distance of the transmission is diminished. The production of these long waves is achieved by electrical means, and their detection is electrical also. This may serve to remind us that all these ether radiations, from the longest to the shortest, are of an electro-magnetic nature.

Between the broadcasting waves and those of light lies a stretch of wavelengths of which we have little experience because they are not easy either to produce or to detect. In the laboratory we can get down to wavelengths of less than an inch, and show that still the characteristics of ether waves are maintained. Then there is a difficult gap, until we come to wavelengths of about a thousandth of an inch. Such waves we have in plenty, and they are easily detected. They are emitted by all substances, arising from the rapid to-and-fro motions of all the molecules of which substances are made. They increase vastly in intensity when bodies are warmed, and if we cannot see them at least we feel the warmth they bring, for instance, when we hold our hands near a hot kettle. The so-called 'infra-red photography' is based on the discovery of photographic plates which are sensitive to at least the shortest of such waves, as our eyes are not. Of course, they obey the same laws as other ether waves do—the photography of the infra-red requires the same sort of treatment as that of the visible rays. The peculiar characteristic of this new photography is its penetration through mist. It will be remembered that longer waves sweep over small particles which are capable of turning shorter waves to one side. There is another feature of the infra-red photographs which has been the subject of general remark. The trees and the grass seem to be covered with snow. The reason is that the chlorophyll of vegetation reflects infra-red rays strongly; its principal absorption is more in the visible range of wavelengths.

Next we come to the light waves which we have already considered. After that we reach a region of waves somewhat shorter than those of light, known as the ultra-violet. These pour out in quantity from all bodies at high temperatures, such as the carbons of the electric arc, and especially the sun. Though we cannot see these wavelengths they have a strong physiological effect, a point on which there has been much public insistence in recent times. The effect is supposed to be valuable, and since ordinary glass is largely opaque to them, glasses of special composition have been made for use where the ultra-violet rays are to be transmitted. Quartz, or rock crystal, transmits them easily, and is, therefore, used often in the construction of lenses and prisms for the laboratory.

It is instructive to observe that if our eyes were sensitive to wavelengths other than those which we now call visible, our classification of opaque and transparent would be entirely altered. If, for example, we saw the ultra-violet rays only, all ordinary glass would be opaque, and our windows would be useless. Or, if we were to perceive only the infra-red rays, we should be able to make windows of substances which we now consider to be opaque. Our experiences with wireless tell us that waves still longer can go easily through a brick wall.

It is a never-failing source of wonder that of all the waves of various lengths surging in such quantities to and fro in all parts of space, on earth, and on the sun and the stars, and also throughout all those vast regions which we describe as empty, our eyes detect so small a selection. It is absurd to attempt a complete explanation; as it is of any of the great Nature schemes, like the use of chlorophyll and cellulose in vegetation, or protein in animal life. One can only point out accompanying and suggestive facts which we believe must in some way control the design. In this case we have a certain number of such facts. The wavelengths must be short, so that we may see detail and so that, at the same time, the structure of our eyes may not be too bulky. Again, physiological effects which are an essential part of vision are of a chemical nature, and these, as experiment shows, are not produced when the wave exceeds a certain length. If the waves are too short, the chemical effect is too violent. It is indeed dangerous to look at an 'ultra-violet lamp', the quartz walls of which allow the short waves to emerge in great quantity. A glass screen cuts out those waves, and renders the lamp harmless to the eyes. We should suffer severely from the ultra-violet rays of the sun were we not screened from them by the upper layers of the atmosphere. There those rays spend their force, generating heat; and there also that electrical condition is produced which is the cause of the canopy of which I have spoken.

There is a range between the ultra-violet rays and the still shorter X-rays, which is very difficult to investigate because the absorption, even in air, is very great. Work has to be carried out in a vacuum. There is no difficulty about their detection, because all the short waves act on the photographic plate. But when we come to the X-rays the barrier to transmission is lifted and now the rays go easily through all sorts of substances. What we might call the fanciful selection of the longer waves is gone. The differences between opaque and transparent are no longer so peculiar. The essential difference lies now in the weight of the atom. Aluminium, which has a light atom, transmits X-rays easily; lead, which has a heavy atom, does not. For this reason lead is used as a protective screen when X-rays are employed for medical and surgical purposes. The light atoms of the flesh allow the X-rays to pass easily when the calcium and other heavier atoms in the bones do not. Thus the X-rays can throw a deeper shadow of the bones than of the flesh. It is necessary in using X-rays to regulate their quality. If the waves are too long they are held up by the flesh; if they are too short they go through the bones too easily.

Certain rays that radioactive substances emit are known as gamma rays; and these are of the same nature as the X-rays, but the wavelength is smaller still. Their penetration is enormous; they get through great thicknesses even of lead, and some pass easily through many hundreds of feet of ordinary substances. Of this kind appear to be the so-called 'cosmic

rays' which bombard the earth, coming from an uncertain source, perhaps the depths of space. Here we come to the end of this long range of wavelengths that are known to exist.

Finally, there is one extraordinary feature of light, visible and invisible, which I must try to describe. At the first glance it seems to be in absolute contradiction to all that I have said hitherto. I have shown that the well-known phenomena of light can readily be described in terms of a wave motion; and yet I have only touched the fringe of a theory which explains far more than I have had time to discuss. But in recent years we have come across other phenomena which do not seem to fit into the scheme at all. The wave theory seems to stand helpless before them. Let me explain.

About forty years ago the 'electron' was discovered. It is an extremely small particle, far smaller than the atom. In fact every atom contains a certain number of electrons. All electrons are alike, no matter from what source they come. They can be torn away from their atoms by electric means. Everyone who listens on the wireless is dependent on this fact, since it is an essential feature of the valves in his receiving set. The filament in the valve is heated until it pours out a stream of electrons.

An electron remains free as long as it is in violent motion. Otherwise it sticks to the first atom it meets. Only when its speed is great—tens of thousands of miles a second—can it escape capture: at such speeds it goes right through atoms, or bounces off them. Even then it is held up in the end when its speed is sufficiently reduced by its many encounters. Streams of electrons in rapid flight can actually be seen, through the effects which they produce, in X-ray tubes, or in the cathode ray oscillographs which have lately come into wide use in certain branches of industry. They cannot be seen in the valves of the wireless set, because they do not produce there the peculiar phosphorescent effects which make their path clear in other cases.

Now it is one of the most wonderful discoveries of modern times that light, whether visible or not, can drive electrons out of the atoms on which it falls. Sometimes we have watched a heavy shower falling on still water, and seen countless drops leap a few inches from the surface. If only our eyes had the power to do so we might observe how from every stone and blade of grass on which the daylight falls, electrons are jumping into the air or diving down further into the parent substance. It is only a very little way that they move; for a fraction of an inch and a very minute fraction of a second each electron is free, and then it is re-absorbed into some atom which it meets. In the laboratory the effect can be observed and measured. The range of movement is increased by the creation of a vacuum, because then the electron can move further before a fatal encounter. It cannot be observed with waves that are too long, because the longer the wave the feebler the motion. It is not easy to observe with light rays, but with the far shorter X-ray waves it becomes very plain. The electrons can now pass through many inches or even feet of ordinary air; and the examination of the effect becomes comparatively simple. Then certain strange features become very obvious.

The speed of the electron on its ejection can be measured. It is found to be only a little less than that of the electrons in the X-ray tube. In that tube a stream of electrons is driven from one end of the tube to the other, and strikes what is known as the target. The target is generally formed of some heavy and infusible metal, like tungsten. From the target the X-rays stream out in all directions. Thus we have only a comparatively simple picture to form in our minds. A stream of electrons generate X-rays where it strikes a target; the X-rays eject electrons wherever they strike. The crucial fact is that the speed of the electron that made the X-ray differs little from the speed of the electron that the X-ray sets in motion. The first electron may be the faster of the two, but it is never the slower. If we think of the X-rays as spreading waves it is very difficult to see how the two speeds can be alike. For one thing, the approximate equality still holds if the body which the X-rays strike is removed to a great distance. The number of the ejected electrons is less, but their speed is the same. Yet a wave grows weaker and weaker as it spreads. It is as if, to use an analogy I have used before, a plank were dropped into the sea from a height of a hundred feet—this is the first electron—and the wave spreads away in all directions. This is the X-ray. After travelling, say, a thousand miles, the infinitesimal ripple strikes the side of a ship lying in a distant

port; a plank is torn from the ship and thrown a hundred feet in the air. The absurdity is obvious. The only explanation really is that the X-ray—and, therefore, the light ray—is a corpuscle and carries its energy with it. The electron in the X-ray tube generates a corpuscular ray and gives it its energy. This new ray travels through space, hits an atom somewhere and hands on its energy. But this is not a wave motion: we are going back to Newton's corpuscular theory.

Here, then, we have two sets of proved facts. We can make two theories which will explain the two sets separately in a

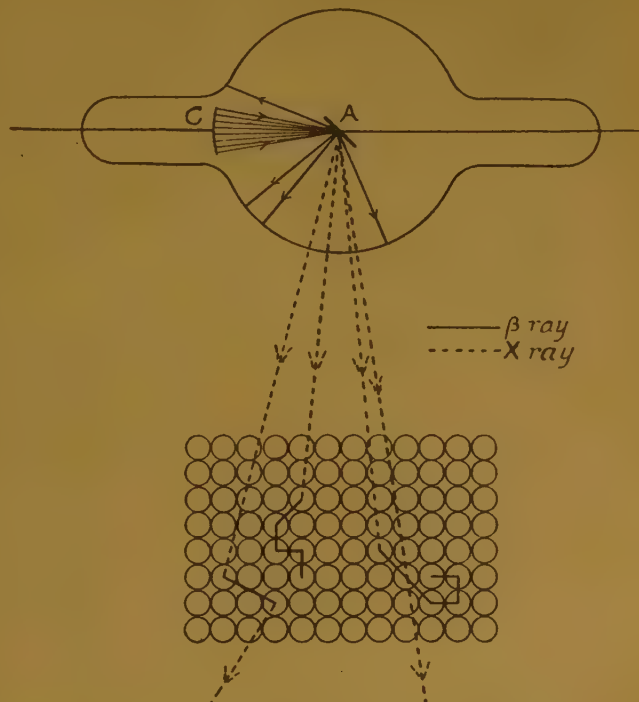


Diagram showing how electrons produce X-rays and how X-rays in their turn produce electrons

The electric force applied at C drives a stream of electrons, shown by firm lines against the target A. The X-ray tube is of an old-fashioned type, the diagram having been drawn more than twenty years ago. From A X-rays proceed in various directions, and some enter a body shown below as a collection of spherical atoms enormously magnified. Here and there the energy brought by the X-ray corpuscle is handed over to an electron which is thereby set in motion

From 'Nature', Vol. xc. p. 531, 1913

most convincing way. But we cannot make a clear picture of any mechanism which will explain both at once. It is not to be supposed, however, that we are on a wrong track. Why, we may ask, should we expect to be able to describe new visions in terms of things and ideas with which we are already familiar? Surely we believe that as our experience grows our capacity of understanding grows also, and that which now appears self-contradictory becomes plain in course of time. We watch with deep interest, and with, in Faraday's words, a feeling of awe, the gradual clearing of the mists.

Among the broadcast plays scheduled for performance during the next three months are Shakespeare's 'Macbeth' (April 8), 'Merchant of Venice' (May 13) and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (June 17), also Marlowe's 'Dr. Faustus', as performed by the O.U.D.S. On April 23, the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, Clemence Dane's 'Will Shakespeare' is to be given. Historical plays will be represented, on May 13 by the second in the series of reconstructions of famous trials, 'The Trial of Simon, Lord Lovat', and on June 10 by a broadcast of Laurence Housman's 'The Firefighters', which deals with the well-known episode in Carlyle's life, when Mill accidentally burned the manuscript of Carlyle's *French Revolution*. This play will be broadcast from the Carlyles' house at 24 Cheyne Row, and will, it is hoped, be accompanied with music played on Mrs. Carlyle's own pianoforte. Two other historical plays based on famous episodes in Trade Union History, the transportation of the Dorchester Labourers in 1834, and the Sheffield outrages of 1866-7, are to be given on April 19 and May 2 at 7.20 p.m. These form part of a series of talks on Trade Union History, which Mr. J. L. Hammond introduces on April 12. Lord Dunsany's 'Bureau de Change' (April 15), H. G. Wells' 'The Man Who Worked Miracles' (June 3) and Edgar Wallace's 'The Calendar' (June 17) are other broadcast plays to which listeners will look forward with interest.

Industrial Britain—X

Personal Matters

By Professor JOHN HILTON

IN starting upon an exploration such as the tour of British industry which has been the basic material of these talks, one ought to clear one's mind, as far as possible, of all preconceptions. I'm afraid my belief in the first and last importance of the spirit of the human dealings in industry was too deeply ingrained for me to be able to wash it out and start with a clean slate; but I tried, in my enquiries and conversations, to keep it in the background. Imagine, then, my secret satisfaction when, quite early in my tour, an employer, after much discussion of machines and processes and products, seized a quiet moment to tell me of an opinion he had personally and privately arrived at as the outcome of a life-time's practical experience: it was that nothing was of such importance in the success of a business as the kind of feeling there was about the place and the way people got on together; and that nothing was more difficult to keep right. And imagine my increasing satisfaction as another and yet another employer or manager or foreman told me, as one revealing a secret, of his own personal discovery of exactly the same truth. These were not men given to moralising; they were men who had pondered their experiences and drawn lessons from them. One, I remember, who with his two brothers had turned a small business inherited from the father into a large and flourishing one, spoke of the human element in the running of a works as more important and more absorbing than all other factors put together.

Co-operation or Coercion?

But is this really a truth? Is it not that there are all sorts of ways of running an industrial concern, and this is one of them that suits some kinds of work and some types of people? After all, there are firms, some of them making profits, in which little thought is given to personal matters. I told you at the beginning of these talks that the sample of British industry I had seen comprised mostly the firms of which the owners were proud. But I heard a good deal of the worse type of firm from workmen with whom I talked, and I have learnt more from workpeople who have written to me in recent weeks. These firms which seem to manage to get along without much regard for human feelings and relationships appear to fall into two classes. There are those in which right down the line of authority each person drives and sweats the people under him. They are the firms with no system, no proper organisation; firms with a bully at the head and bullying all along the line. In general they are the smaller firms; but there are larger firms among the number. Some of them seem to be having rather a field day just now, for workpeople and foremen are fearful of losing their jobs, knowing how hard it is to get work once they are out, and they put up with things which, in normal times, no one would stand. Does that prove that bullying can pay as well as fair dealing if it is fierce enough? I don't think so. It seems to me that such employers are just storing up trouble. We shall not always be in the depths of a depression. Bullying invites and provokes counter-bullying. Even now they are losing ground, I think, against firms who believe in co-operation rather than coercion.

That is one sort of firm that disregards the human element. The other is the firm that has everything worked out to the last detail and looks on workpeople as so many labour units who are hired to do certain operations to instructions; not to think, not to feel, certainly not to argue—but to clock in, get through the work, clock out, and at the end of the week draw their wages; usually good wages. I have been in establishments in which this, though not avowed, was evidently the conception on which the organisation was built. Hard work, good wages, but no nonsense; obey or go. Now there's quite a lot to be said

for this way of running a great industrial plant, both from the standpoint of the employers, and (provided wages are high, hours short, and no overstrain) from the standpoint of the workpeople too. There's a case for it that can be argued. But again I think the firms who operate on these principles are taking too short a view. If you determine to reckon without human nature, human nature will reckon with you. I personally doubt whether, even on the short view, you can get the maximum output from a body of workpeople by requiring nothing but the docile carrying out of instructions. I'm pretty sure that a worker has more to contribute to production than obedience. But apart from that, will there not come a time when firms running on this principle will find a need for loyalty from their workpeople? Can you expect loyalty from mere 'hands'?

A Firm of the Human Type

You will observe that I have been ranging the firms I visited and the firms of which I have had information into three broad groups, according to the spirit in which the human dealings of the concern are conducted. I will call the three types the inhuman, the non-human, and the human. I want now to give you a picture of a firm of the human type. I want it to be a real picture of an actual firm; but I am in a difficulty, for I do not know how to choose between a round half-dozen of the firms I visited, all of which seemed to me to represent industry at its very best from the personal standpoint. I will pick the one in the industry I know best, the engineering industry. A large concern, making a variety of products. A firm in whose leadership there is an unbroken family record throughout a century from the founder to the present head. A pioneer among firms, for half a century and more, in all that concerns the well-being of the workpeople.

Where shall I start? Perhaps best with those who start in the service of the firm; the apprentices—the youngsters who will be the skilled men, foremen and technicians in later years. There is, in the works itself, a day continuation school which is attended, in working hours, by all apprentices between the ages of 14 and 17. The teaching has no vocational bias until the third year, when the subjects of drawing, science, mathematics, are treated definitely from an engineering standpoint. All the examples, as far as possible, are taken from the boys' workaday life in the shops. In the higher classes there are debates, and the reading and discussion of papers written by the lads themselves. The curriculum includes industrial history and elementary economics. The aim is to give the lads a mental equipment which shall not only make them good technicians, but shall also give them an understanding of industrial development and of the part they and the firm play in the general scheme of things. After seventeen those whose work in shop and school has been uniformly excellent continue to be released on some mornings or afternoons for periods equal to one whole day per week for attendance at day classes at Junior Technical Schools or Technical Colleges. All time spent at these schools is paid for at the same rate as though the boy were at work. Those not attending 'day' schools are required to attend evening classes for which, if the work done there and the attendance is satisfactory, the firm pays the fees. My mind goes back 35 years. I was an apprentice at one of the most enlightened firms of the day. I wanted to add to my evening classes one afternoon class in an advanced subject which was not taught in the evenings. Could I be allowed, please, two hours off on one afternoon a week without pay? An unheard-of request; indeed a bit of cheek. It was refused.

But I haven't done with the care of the lads. There are gymnastics, Swedish drill, boxing. There is medical examina-



Microcosm and Macrocosm

By courtesy of Imperial Chemical Industries

tion and advice. There is a well-equipped dental surgery where the lads are treated without charge. And there are week-end and annual camps. All engagements are made by an Employment Department in charge of a Labour Superintendent, and are made on merit, not by favour. Each newly-engaged person receives a small booklet describing the works and its organisation and stating the very few and simple rules and

regulations which must be observed. The booklet includes a map of the works, so that the newcomer can more readily learn to find his way about. Before I knew this, I had marked, in going over the works, the absence of notice boards. I liked that. I have long believed that one reform which would do much for British Industry would be a grand bonfire of works notice boards. Here there was only one. It was in the cloak-

room, and it had only two or three announcements on it. Nothing to say that you must do this and mustn't do that. Every worker was expected to know the works code from the outset, and to observe it. A trifle, all this, but a big trifle.

The works themselves. Built for light, airiness, cleanliness, order, and easy transport. Good ventilation without draughts. The aisles clear of all obstruction. (That is one of the rules that must not be broken.) All scrap and waste systematically cleared away. No accumulations of junk. Woodblock floors for quietness and foot-comfort. Electric lighting for the winter so arranged as to throw no dangerous shadows. Lifting and transporting mechanism everywhere.

Cycle sheds. A motor-car and motor-cycle shed. Heated cloakrooms where every man and woman has his or her own place and pegs. Another tiny example of the thought that is given to everything. The cloakrooms are divided up into bays, separated by stout wire netting—a bay for each department. Those who enter the cloakroom first because their place of work is nearest have their bays at the far end of the cloakroom; those who enter last have their bays nearest the entrance. You will see that by this simple arrangement a good deal of confusion is avoided. Originally the firm had separate lockers for each person; but they proved a nuisance. People lose their keys, wet coats won't dry in a locker, and slovenly people leave them in a mess. Instead of lockers each bay is kept locked during working hours. There is an occasional black sheep in every fold; and many firms know of trouble in the shape of a picked pocket or a purloined article. Now you see the point of the separate bays. In each one hang the coats and hats of a group of men who work together. Men who work together do not steal each other's personal property; a bad lot may do it once, but not twice. And if the bad lot is found in some other than his own bay, someone wants to know what he's doing there. All very simple and obvious; but most things are obvious when somebody has thought of them.

Coping with the Black Sheep

Let me put in a word here on that subject of black sheep. One or two of my correspondents have gently reproached me with saying more about the duties of the employer than about the duties of the workpeople, and of leaving an impression that workpeople would be creatures of sweetness and light were it not for the harsh treatment of bad employers. Believe me, I hold no such view. The line I have been taking is this: that the job of handling workpeople so as to discourage the crook and the shirker and the rascal and the bully that is in all of us, and to encourage the best, or at any rate the productively best, that is in all of us, is a job the employer undertook when he became an employer. I only ask that the employer shall know his job.

That is by the way. I return to my engineering works. Next, dining-rooms on the premises to seat 1,400 persons at one time. Meat and two vegetables, followed by a pudding, for sevenpence. How can that be done? Well, the firm provides premises, light and heat free. Even so sevenpence to cover provisions, staff and breakages! Yes, it is done by the simple expedient of providing each day only one dish. Standardisation and mass production. Each day the next day's menu is posted where all can see. If you don't fancy steak and kidney pie, or whatever tomorrow's dish may be, you can bring your own food from home, put it on your place at the tables as you pass in the morning, and it will be back in your place warmed up for you when the dinner bell goes. Or if sevenpence is too much for you, or you fancy home-prepared food all the time, you can do that every day. And you needn't sit down in your working dirt. There's ample washing accommodation with hot water, soap and plenty of small clean towels running the length of the cloakroom, which is alongside. The dining-room and kitchen in this case are under the joint control of a committee of the men and the management. And here I come to something far more important than even the assuring of creature comforts.

Ensuring Good Relations—

In an earlier talk I mentioned that I had come back from my tour very much more aware of the importance of the Works Committee, as an instrument of good relations between employer and workpeople, than I had been. Let me say again that if the spirit is bad on either side, or on both sides, any Works Committee will almost certainly be a failure. It may be

a nuisance. But if the spirit is right for a start, a Works Committee can translate the spirit into word and deed. That was the case here. The Committee, which has been in existence many years, now consists of seven representatives of the management and seven shop stewards. Some of you may not know what a shop steward is. In the engineering industry, as in some others, one of the workmen in each department is elected by his fellow trade unionists working in that department to be their leader and their spokesman in matters arising out of their work. But the Committee of shop stewards elects by ballot seven of its number to sit on the Works Committee. The Works Committee and the Shop Stewards Committee meet regularly, after work hours; have tea, then to business.

In regard particularly to the Works Committee, its object is to provide a ground common to the workers and management on which all matters affecting working conditions may be freely discussed and all underground discontent brought to the light of reasonable discussion. Questions of overtime, piece-work, safety and accidents, discipline, and time-keeping come regularly under review. Differences which the everyday relations in the shops have failed to adjust are brought forward. Grievances are ventilated; suggestions for improvement are argued and decisions taken. Various funds are administered, a sub-committee controls the dining-rooms and kitchens. I think you will be in no doubt as to the value of a joint committee of this kind in making effective the collaboration of workpeople and management; in providing a means whereby any person or group with a grievance may appeal for justice and get it; and in furthering not only the welfare of the workpeople but the administration of the works.

I have not done with the provisions which past and present heads of this firm have made for the workpeople, or which the workpeople have made for themselves. For the week of the annual holidays the whole or a part of a full week's wages are paid, according to the prosperity of the firm, and in addition to that, a substantial sum is paid to each from the yield of a Holiday Trust Fund established by a former head of the firm. Then there is a Mutual Help Fund. I want specially to tell you about that. Four members of the Works Committee are appointed to appeal for funds and to make collections. They distribute the money to workers who for any reason find themselves in straitened circumstances, but their givings are absolutely secret. The accounts are kept confidentially; no one knows who has been helped. In the case of sickness or distress this Mutual Help Fund assists the worker for a month; after which the case is passed over to an Employees' Benevolent Fund, to which money is voted from time to time by the company.

—And Encouraging Bright Ideas

That is not the full story of the provisions made at this works, but I will mention only one more matter. There is in active and successful operation a scheme whereby any worker who has a suggestion to make for the prevention of accidents, for the better organisation of some section, for improvements in machine operation or in design of product, or for anything else of that sort, may put his suggestion forward and have it considered by a Suggestions Committee consisting of the Director of Research, the Works Manager, a departmental head, a representative of the works office, and a representative of the workmen appointed by the Works Committee. The name of the workman making the suggestion is unknown to the Suggestions Committee. It is examined on merit alone. If it is of value, it is not only paid for, but it is worked out in detail, experiments made, and, if necessary, patents are taken out without expense or risk to the employee. Something like a hundred suggestions are received annually. Many are valueless or impracticable; but by no means all. The value of the scheme lies not only in the suggestions accepted, but in the alert interest it promotes.

My account of the things that are done in this one firm to make sure of well-being, content, justice and active co-operation must end. I would like you to note the part played by the Trade Union. If I could say with assurance that every employer got the trade unionism he deserved I should be glad. One other thing I would like you to note: that only by arrangements of the kind I have been describing can the heads of a great works be sure that particular talent among their work-people will come to notice. That is good for the management, and good for the men.



From 'Photographie 1933-34' (Zwemmers'). Photograph: Philiberte de Flaquerques

COMMONSENSE AND THE CHILD

We print below a representative selection from the recent series of morning talks given by children's doctors on the training and building up of healthy babies. It should be noticed that the general rules laid down are intended to apply only to healthy and thriving babies

Weaning

THE word 'to wean' is a very old word; so old that nobody knows when it first started, and most of us have forgotten its true meaning. Really it means 'to accustom'; to accustom in the sense of getting a baby used to doing without its mother's milk. But this is only half the matter. If a baby is to be accustomed to do without its mother's milk, it must also be accustomed to live on other food. So in this problem of weaning we have always the two sides to bear in mind—teaching the baby to eat suitable food and to eat more and more, and so getting it all the while to depend less and less on its mother. Then, if you have managed the task successfully, you will find that you and the baby scarcely notice the end of breast feeding.

Look at it for a moment from the baby's point of view. Do you ever realise how much we take for granted the fact that he is born with his sucking powers so well developed? Sucking isn't a simple act, yet the baby at birth is already an expert at it, and capable of sucking even before his mother is ready to supply the milk for him. So it is that in a short time, thanks to his knowing how to do exactly the right thing, feeding starts in most cases naturally and without much difficulty. Further, you have only to watch a baby feeding to see he is thoroughly happy at it. Watch him when he is asleep and you will notice that his lips often move as though he were sucking—as though he were re-living the pleasures of the last meal. Quite often he will do more than this, and act the meal over again, for he will find something he *can* suck. It may be a thumb or a piece of blanket. It will make his dreams more real to him. Don't be surprised then, if he fights you when

you begin weaning him, for you are trying to make him give up his greatest pleasure in life. Definitely, I think, the sooner you start the better. Start by adding food; taking away the breast milk will come later.

Think for a moment about the new food you are going to give baby. Even taking milk from a cup or spoon is quite a different matter from sucking; while a crust or a little green vegetable are very different things from the easily swallowed milk feed. Think how differently the baby has got to set about the business of eating compared with sucking. He has to use his lips, tongue, and jaw in quite a new way. He has to deal with thick food and with dry food that needs biting and moistening. He has got to learn to mould his food into the right size and a convenient shape for swallowing, and balance it on the back of his tongue before it goes down. We eat without thinking how we do it, and so we forget what a complicated business it is. But the baby has got to try very hard and practise very hard before he manages to learn how to use all those muscles of the lips and mouth which have to be used in eating.

With a baby that goes on refusing to swallow this new food, it is often easier if the mother hands the job over to someone else; her being in sight reminds the baby the breast milk is there for the taking. The baby who is too interested in sucking is the most likely to stick out against any change. If you let your baby exercise his sucking powers too much, if you feed him at odd times throughout the day, and let him suck his thumb at other times, or if you give him a 'dummy', and especially if you let him sleep alongside you at night, then you

will find you have laid up trouble for yourself when it comes to weaning. And remember, if you don't train baby to take other food besides milk, and to like it before you begin taking him from the breast, he will often find being taken off the breast too much for him. Changing from breast to bottle is not weaning, it is just changing one kind of milk for another. Also, the bottle fed baby is just as likely to get angry at being made to bite and chew as the breast fed.

To get to practical details. What are the new foods you should give, when should you give them, and at what rate of progress should you ask baby to go? It is unwise to give you exact directions or a hard and fast timetable, for babies are not all alike. So, for exact quantities to suit your own child, I would advise you to talk the matter over with your own doctor, or with the doctor at the Infant Welfare Centre.

Start quite early, when baby is three or four months old. Begin by adding extras to the ordinary milk feeds, taking away the breast milk will come later. If you offer new food in this way, the baby will seldom refuse to try it, and he is more likely to be excited and proud if he succeeds in eating it. And if you show you are pleased at his success, he will want to please you again. The gradual increase in the amounts you give him, and the different tastes and kinds of foods you get him accustomed to, will make it less hard for him to give up later on the easy comfortable way of feeding by sucking.

For all healthy, thriving babies, there is no call for an invalid diet. There are a number of patent foods advertised as suitable for invalids and babies. I think they are sometimes splendid for babies—if the babies are invalids too. But they are mostly starchy foods, and although most babies put on weight when taking them, it is not a good weight, it is chiefly fat and not muscle, and these foods should only be used for special purposes in cases of ill-health, and dropped when baby has recovered. Because if you continue these foods longer than they are needed, you are quite likely to find your baby losing in health and in vigour.

A sturdy baby has a pretty sturdy digestion. I don't want to suggest you should be careless, but I often think that people are much too anxious about baby's powers of digesting and dealing with food. There have always been people who have believed in giving babies food other than milk when they are quite young, and in the last twenty years more and more mothers have followed this plan and found it pay; but it must be the right food. We have learnt too that it isn't wise to give starchy foods in such quantities as was commonly done twenty or thirty years ago, and still is done by many mothers today; in fact, it is thought to be one of the causes of rickets—by which I mean that we don't rely so much on foods like potato, bread and biscuits, and other starchy foods like cereals. It is safer to give a variety of foods. Some mothers are a bit nervous if red meat is recommended, but actually the baby digests it well. If your baby is an invalid, it is a different matter, and then you must get and follow your doctor's advice. The average baby is only too often turned into an invalid because he is given invalid food. When you begin to give extras give them just before, not

after, the mid-day breast feed, the two o'clock feed. In this way you are teaching him the habit of a mid-day dinner.

Make a start when baby is three months old. At this age, you can give vegetable broth, or the water in which vegetables have been boiled—say a tablespoonful—to any ordinary healthy baby. A broth made from bones and vegetables is especially good; give it in a teaspoon. And if you are not already giving cod-liver oil, start giving five or ten drops daily—just before a meal—or at bath time—but stick to the same time each day. In the next few weeks, gives tastes of egg yolk and of red gravy. Baby will like fruit juice too. Change the vegetables in his broth, and sometimes make it a meat broth.

When he gets to five months or a weight of about fifteen pounds, give him more and more of the foods he has already had; and thicken the broth with a little flour or barley. You can begin now to teach him to bite and chew a hard-baked crust; there's no point in waiting for teeth before giving him this. And flavour the crust with a little butter or dripping. Then you can give him a little pulp of tomato and tastes of cooked vegetables well mashed with a fork. Add stewed fruit too—apples and prunes, and you can give some baked egg custard. From this it is an easy step to steamed fish. And try him with a lump of underdone meat to suck. If you have never seen a young baby chew a piece of underdone beef, you will be astonished at the way he enjoys it. Leave some of the fat on. He will digest this quite well. And about this time, that is when he is getting on to six months, start giving drinks from a cup or spoon. Give him water this way, and his broth and fruit juice, and give occasional drinks of milk with water and sugar added, of course. He will take more cod-liver oil now, and you should work up to half a teaspoonful twice a day.

Some of the food—like crusts or tomato-pulp—will come in quite well before the ten o'clock in the morning or six o'clock in the evening feeds, making the first beginnings of breakfast and tea. But always give them just before a feed. Don't give them in between feeds, for in this way you will teach baby to expect snacks at odd times.

When he is six months old, weighing about sixteen pounds, he should be chewing well, so you can give him toast and butter, or fried bread, instead of crusts. Let him hold them and feed himself. You must keep on encouraging him to chew, so it isn't wise to make his other food sloppy. For instance, don't always pour his broth over his vegetables; give broth and vegetables separately. He should have learnt by now to moisten his food with his own saliva. You can give milk puddings, and a little shredded meat won't be out of place. If he gets on well, you may find that he doesn't want a breast feed after his dinner. But give him four or five tablespoonsful of water instead. So you see, you have got to the stage now when it is no longer just a case of adding new foods to his milk feeds. In fact, you have got to the second stage, when you must be taking away the milk feeds, and you have got him firmly started on the dinner habit.

The change from breast milk to cow's milk is only a small part of weaning. So many people think that the most important step, and that is why they have difficulties.

Fitting in with Family Meals

OF COURSE, we don't expect the baby to give up milk altogether at weaning; it is best to continue some. There are two mistakes that can be made during the stage when the baby is between nine months and two years old. One is to stop milk, and expect the child to get on without it. The other is to keep on giving a large quantity, such as a pint and a half, or even two pints daily. If all milk is stopped, the baby usually slows up and fails to grow and gain weight, even though he seems to be eating and drinking plenty of other foods and drinks. Actually, by this age, he cannot make use of other food successfully enough to drop all milk. In the other case, where a very large amount is given and the child is, therefore, unwilling to take much other food, he also comes to a standstill, though not so suddenly. Why is this? It is because milk by itself no longer meets all the requirements of the growing child: for one reason, the child is now taking a great deal of exercise. By about nine months milk feeding should be so far reduced that the baby is leaving off the feed given at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, eating a dinner at midday, and having water to drink then instead of milk.

The next stage—at nine months—is to drop the early morning milk feed at 6 o'clock, and persuade the baby that his first feed should come at breakfast time. He can then be given a little food at this meal, followed by milk. At the same stage, the feed which used to be given at 6 p.m. should now come earlier, at teatime; allow some solid food also at that meal. So you see what has happened. The feed times by day have changed. There used to be five, starting at 6 a.m., then 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m. and 10 p.m. Now there are three meals; breakfast, consisting of a little food and milk; dinner and no milk; food at teatime and milk. What about 10 p.m.? That feed must be kept on, even if the child is fast asleep and has been sleeping for some hours. From teatime one day to breakfast-time the next is too long at this age. The child will tend to wake early, at 6 or 7 in the morning, and that spoils the plan. Without a feed of milk then it will be short of its proper daily allowance. So don't hesitate to wake it at 10 o'clock or even 11.

How long should the mother continue the breast feeds? Is there any advantage to the baby in her doing so beyond the age of nine months? If she can afford to buy good cow's

milk, fresh or dried, and in the case of fresh cow's milk, brings it to boiling point, keeps it carefully covered, there is no disadvantage in replacing the breast feeds by feeds made with cow's milk. Indeed, I believe, in most instances, a woman, unless she is particularly strong and well-nourished with food, had better make the change now. If she is losing weight, feeling exhausted, getting headaches and is short of breath, she should stop nursing, there can be no question about it. She should replace one breast feed a day by a cow's milk feed; then two, then three, and then the lot. It can be done in a fortnight.

The average child between 9 and 12 months needs, in my opinion, about a pint of cow's milk. This is best digested by most with a little water added to it. We want to make three feeds of about equal size. A glass measure, such as can be bought nowadays cheaply at the chemists or stores, makes the business simple. A pint of cow's milk is 20 ounces; now if you have got, say, 6 ounces of milk, add 2 ounces of water. That brings it up to an 8 ounce feed. This feed may also be completed by adding 2 teaspoons of sugar, or a dessertspoonful of groats previously cooked.

There is no fixed age that I know when to stop giving this milk feed at 10 p.m. I think it is often stopped too early, because the baby being asleep, it is felt a pity to wake him. That doesn't seem to me a very sound reason. I think if any rule is allowable, it should be, keep up this feed until a year and three months. It may be necessary for eighteen months. After that the child should get enough food in the day.

Now we must go on to the other meals and fit the baby to them. Or should it be the other way round—fit the meals to the baby? Well, it is about half and half. If you add new foods early to the milk feeds the baby will already be suited to a good many things you are likely to have at meal-times. Thus, at breakfast you can fry him a square of bread, about two inches by two inches. Or if there is an egg, dip a crust in it three or four times, and let him suck the yolk off it. Then let him go on chewing at the crust. If there is porridge for the other children, he could have a spoonful with some milk. Then follows his milk feed. And try to get him to take this from a cup or saucer, and get rid of the bottle. This is another advance towards grown-up feeding, and away from sucking, which is what you want him to forget.

Now for dinner. What is there? Fish—half a tablespoonful, broken up and quite free, of course, from bones; well-cooked potatoes, mashed carrot or turnip or swede; or when there are greens, add a little, but it must be finely cut up and not in big pieces. Perhaps there is a stew—if so, the baby may have some, even at nine months, I think, if he is a strong child and weighs 18 lbs. or so, and provided you have started him early on gravy and broth. If it is an Irish stew, give him a bone in his hand to gnaw at, and to suck the meat off. Then he will enjoy the vegetables and gravy as well. With the stew, there may be a dumpling, and if it is well cooked and has been

on the stove a couple of hours or so, and is light, the baby may have some. That will be enough; he does not want pudding as well as dumpling. Or he could have barley broth and vegetables; an egg custard, or milk pudding. This kind of child then fits himself to an ordinary dinner easily enough. Either before his dinner or a while after, say half-an-hour, he can have water to drink from a cup. He will let you know how much himself. He should not be thirsty again before teatime if he takes enough.

Tea should be much the same as breakfast for a baby. Crust and butter or dripping, or a piece of bread and butter. It is a good time to give fruit. Orange juice is well taken now, or a small piece of raw tomato. Raw apple for young babies is rather tough in my opinion. Apple is better given stewed or baked at dinner.

Let the child use his own fingers at first and don't do all the feeding for him. Later, but not till about two years, can he control a spoon himself.

This leads me to another side of fitting the baby to the family meals. It is a period when babies show every sort of difference—between fighting stubbornly over every mouthful, until the mother dreads each meal as a battle which she feels she has lost almost before it has begun, to the other kind, where the baby reaches for everything he sees, bangs on the table with impatience, and will almost eat the tablecloth. Now, why should these differences arise? A tremendous lot depends on the method with which a baby is handled. Starting early prevents the habit of sucking developing into the one and only means of feeding the baby understands. The earlier you practise the child in biting and gnawing, the easier will it be to feed him, at the age we are talking about, on solid food.

Perhaps the commonest cause of difficulty in infant management is the mother's anxiety. She is

anxious for fear the child will choke himself—actually very few do. She is anxious also in case the child is not taking enough food—she seldom need be. Anxiety means no confidence. What the baby likes, what he thrives on, is somebody who knows and can convey that feeling. And remember anxiety is the most catching of all illnesses.

A baby probably likes to think a meal is a game. Suppose you have made something specially for dinner—say, an egg custard. Nothing will induce him to touch it. It doesn't mean custard was the wrong thing. It doesn't even mean he dislikes custard. It is very much the same as offering him the wrong toy; only it didn't matter with the toy, but it is disappointing with the custard. Never mind—put it away out of sight and try it at teatime. It is quite possible he will be in a different mood and eat it readily. If he won't, eat it yourself, so that he can see. That may teach him. But it really is important to put it away until teatime. *Keep all food for meal times.*

If possible, let him sit up in his own chair and see the table. Don't feed him on your lap at meals. If there are other children, a chair for the baby all helps the game of mimicking



Mother and Child, by Augustus John
From 'Thirty Years of British Art', by Sir Joseph Duveen ('The Studio', Ltd.)

them and imitating. All this question of meals is nearly always easier where there are other children to give a lead. If you have great difficulties over refusal, ask a relation or a friend to

let your baby feed with theirs once or twice, or borrow one of their children to show yours. It will sometimes solve the problem better than anything else.

The Non-Stop Meal

DO YOU KNOW THE CHILD who wants to eat something almost the whole day long? The space between meals has to be filled with a slice of bread and butter or jam, and biscuits. Then comes a demand for a banana; and perhaps a second. Are there any sweets? And so on through the day until bedtime. Even then this kind of child may even have persuaded his parents he must have something to eat either put in his hand or tucked into the corner of the bed against the long foodless hours of the night. There is usually a dummy pinned on to the front of his clothes. Such a child's behaviour at the family meals varies a good deal. Some days he will eat well. But he is not reliable. For a week or a fortnight nearly everything at the meals is toyed with and left unfinished. The mothers of such children often ask advice for this reason, and think something serious is amiss.

Now does this habit of wanting to eat at any odd time matter? Does it do any harm? Isn't it a thing most children tend to do more or less, which they drop as they grow older? Myself, I believe it has drawbacks. Let us see how the trouble arises. Go back to the earliest days of life. Remember how your baby spent them. For weeks on end his day was occupied in feeding and sleeping. When he woke and cried he received another meal. After the feed came drowsiness, and then sleep which passed the time until the same process was due again. The long periods of sleeping are important to remember. For it means that almost the whole time the child was conscious he was occupied with feeding. Not quite, because before he is three months old he begins to take some interest for short times in stretching, and kicking, and being handled, and in lights and sounds. But they don't hold attention for very long, and they give way very readily to the greater pleasure of feeding, and so back to sleeping.

One mother who kept observations for me on this point, counted the amount of time her month-old baby was awake each day for a week. It amounted to just over twenty hours, and this included the time he spent at the breast. So you see that baby was practically unconscious the whole week, except for when he was feeding—twenty minutes or so. There is another way, however, of looking at this. The baby I have mentioned slept in this way because his food was ample and, as we say, 'satisfied' him. After a meal of that quantity and quality nature arranges the baby sleeps. Supposing, however, something disturbs him soon after a meal. Suppose the meal was not satisfying, either because it was soon followed by hunger or by a stomach ache. What then? Well, the baby wakes and cries, and the mother's natural instinct is to feed him again. The baby in most cases accepts the offer.

Does this matter? It does. Too many breast feeds may soon exhaust the mother and her milk fails. Thus we see the rule that a baby should wait several hours between feeds has a most important bearing on his food supply. In other words, by insisting on an interval we train the baby into a habit which safeguards his supply of nourishment. We do another thing. We say a baby who sleeps is 'good'. The baby has no sense of good and evil as the grown-up understands these words. Being good really means to a baby, being comfortable—having no sense of hunger, no discomfort anywhere. Actually we impose on his digestion a certain regularity. A few weeks' regularity of that kind, insisted on by the parents, and the baby's digestion learns the habit and will keep it.

Now suppose we don't do this. Few babies like this training at the start. In many, I think, even breast milk is not taken without some discomfort. Such babies are windy and won't settle off. Or they get twinges of stomach ache which rouses

them from sleep, and they scream. The mother's constant fear is that the last feed was insufficient. She won't risk the child's going hungry, and gives another. If that does not do, yet another; or she tries a dummy to see if that will produce quiet. Now notice what is likely to result. The baby—yes, the baby of three months old—learns very quickly. From this experience he discovers that by crying he can persuade his mother to multiply the number of feeds. He discovers the night is just as good a time as the day. The non-stop meal is well within sight. I have already mentioned that this is a very bad thing for the mother. She is now trying to do far more than she can, and is short of sleep into the bargain. Her milk begins to decline and so the baby finds the meals are not so satisfying as they used to be. He soon discovers the dummy is a fraud. Bottle feeds are added. This is the next stage. A little later other additions are made, and so the child again gets the mastery and achieves what he was after.

There are, of course, individual differences in the methods by which the baby manages it, but the results have this in common. The mother believes that for *her* baby this frequent feeding is necessary. If she decides to test the matter the odds are about 100 to 1 that the baby will make such a hullabaloo that the test is not repeated.

You will agree that after breast and bottle feeding are over the habit of demanding food whenever he thinks of it is not likely to be given up. Some of these children learn no other pleasure. They always have something in their mouths, the dummy or their fingers. They pay for this in several ways. Up to a point a young child's digestion can stand a tremendous lot. But like most appliances it does best if periods of work are followed by periods of rest. We say of someone, 'He owed his health to leading a regular life' and it is frequently true. Getting up, meals, work, recreation, sleep followed each other according to a regular plan. Such habits go with a good digestion, quiet nerves, steady work, and make for good health. And so of little children. Rules, routine, regularity—call it what you like—serve a useful purpose. If you start the baby on such a plan, he will soon adopt it for himself. He will soon learn food comes regularly. He will learn also that intervals don't mean starvation and neglect. Then comes the next important fact—he will occupy his mind in the intervals with things other than food and feeding. He will use his fingers and thumbs for exploring and grasping—not for sucking. Train the young baby to use his hands. From this point, education daily becomes easier, for baby's mind is looking for things to occupy itself with; you will find his intelligence will grow. Food is kept for meal times, and forgotten between.

There is another point; children who eat most of the day are often under-nourished, because they develop odd, unbalanced tastes. The kind of food they wangle out of their parents and grannies—particularly, I think, their grannies—and the neighbours is usually something like sweets and biscuits. This spoils the appetite for body-building foods, like fish and meat, and seems to make them faddy also about fat. They miss the proper balance between different kinds of food, which is so important, and in consequence, their growth falls behind, they remain undersized, sometimes for years. A baby at the breast who gets too many feeds, still gets perfectly balanced food, so long as that source of food lasts. With the toddler, it is quite different. There is no ready-made, balanced food; his main supply soon begins to be the cheapest starchy foods and sugary foods. The baby grows fast, the toddler comes to a standstill. For advice on the toddler's food see the pamphlet, *Choosing the Right Food*.*

* In the pamphlet called *Choosing the Right Food* (obtainable from Broadcasting House or from any B.B.C. Offices, price 2d., post free 3d.), a Doctor discusses the planning of a well-balanced diet from everyday foodstuffs. The advice applies to children after weaning, as well as to adults. The general principles, of course, are true whatever may be the amount of the housekeeping allowance, but as a practical illustration of what may be managed on a small sum, a week's meals satisfactory from the standpoint of food values is included for a family of two adults and three children—total cost 23s. 4d.

Strong Bones and Good Muscles

I THINK a great many of us shirk our responsibilities in the matter of the growth of proper bones and muscles in our children; that we don't bother enough to find out or even to think what influences there are which we can control, which make good bones and muscles—or mar them. Don't we often say that such and such a child 'always had a weak back', or a delicate stomach, or was liable to this, that and the other?

It may be so, of course. But I am not at all sure Nature is quite so often the bungler we accuse her of being. Take, for example, the average new-born baby. I mean the baby that weighs from 7½ to 8 lbs. in weight and is not premature. Do you remember feeling his limbs? Well, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say most babies at birth have muscles like an athlete in full training—like a boxer tuned up for a fight. Their limbs are firm, and if you grasp a baby's forearm or leg, and try to move it up and down against the way the baby happens to want to move it, it is astonishing how powerful a resistance the creature can put up. Astonishing, that is, unless you have tested babies in this way and have found that it is the normal thing. Not much wrong there. Then if the child cries, take the opportunity to lay a hand on the stomach and see what impression you get of the muscles underneath your fingers. They are hard as a board. In this department also Nature seems to have brought it off. So, too, with the back muscles if you dared to test them. Consider for a minute or two what this strength in the new-born implies.

Up to the time the baby was born it derived its nourishment from its mother. If she is ill or badly fed the baby suffers; though it is remarkable that, even so, Nature often seems to manage it that the baby is better served than its mother, and scores at her expense. The mother's food is thus of great importance, for it ultimately supplies the baby's food through her blood stream. The next thing to realise is that her milk carries on the task again. We see then that food, first from the mother's blood, and after birth from her milk, is the source of these strong muscles I have just claimed the baby arrives with. This is the first thing to grasp—the strength and quality of the child's make-up depend upon the suitability of its food. If that were sufficiently realised I believe it is safe to say that more than half the soft bones and weak muscles, yes, and the delicate stomachs, would never occur.

Up to the time of birth, for as long as the breast milk is sufficient and of good quality, Nature sees to it that the baby's food is perfectly suitable. So we cannot blame her for her part. What is so difficult to admit is that the poor muscles which are so common after breast feeding stops, are due to the fact that we don't arrange food to follow breast feeding, which really promotes healthy growth. I think the commonest fault is that the child's diet gets one-sided. But if our children get knock-knees and flat foot, and if they stoop and their shoulder blades stick out, and if the chest is flat in front and the belly hangs out, all these things mean the food we are giving is not producing perfect growth. For all these defects spell poor muscles. An illness like measles or influenza will produce the same effect. But mainly for the same reason that during the illness food could not be taken in proper amounts.

After food of the right kind, the next important thing for bones and muscles is work. By 'work' I mean that muscles and bones should carry out the tasks for which they were designed—not too much, but at the same time they must do enough. For example, the baby's jaws and jaw muscles were meant to exert a certain biting action in taking the breast. That develops the proper shape of the jaw, so that there is the best chance of the teeth coming through in the right position.

I have mentioned the firmness of the legs; they, too, need to be free, so that they can be drawn up and thrust down, without movement being hampered.

Then think of the back and the legs. What is the special job for which the spine and the legs are designed by Nature? It is to support the body in the upright position. Now what do we do with regard to this? Do we encourage the baby to make efforts to stand, or do we discourage it? You may answer, 'At the proper time I let him try'. I'm afraid I cannot accept that answer, for having asked many mothers what is the proper time, I find they usually think it is the age of eight months or thereabouts. Shall I shock you by saying I don't think you

can start too early? Many babies show their delight at being allowed to take their weight on their feet before they are three months old. Try them at two months, at a month if you like. Support the child by holding his elbows or put your fingers under the armpits. This is better than putting your hands round the chest. Now raise him and let his feet rest on your knee. With the help of your hands to give him balance the baby will do the standing. At first he will only take his weight for a second or two at a time, and then he bends his knees and hips. But wait. Up he springs again and perhaps stays up a little longer. Then down again, and up—and so on. That will do for the first few trials.

Standing up is the purpose for which Nature designed the form of the back-bone and the bones of the leg, and the joints which join the bones together. Every muscle in the back and thigh and leg and foot was planned to make this position possible. Why then are nine mothers out of ten convinced that to let them practise their tasks is wrong, is dangerous, is even wicked? I think the reason is that most are afraid of bandy legs, persisting from the teaching of some two or three hundred years ago, when rickets was the expected fate of most babies. And though its cause was not known, its effects showed themselves worst in those bones that carried weight—thus legs curved, and arms too, when the child tried to crawl; the back bent like a cat's when the child sat up. Until the age when rickets tended to heal itself—that is from about 2 years—the obvious thing to do was to prevent this by keeping the child lying down most of the time. But rickets, we now know, is largely a question of proper food. It is thought that it would be a good thing if every mother could take a dessert-spoonful of cod-liver oil daily during pregnancy and while she is nursing. If the mother is well fed her baby is less likely to get rickets. If soon after he is born we start giving a few drops of cod-liver oil to the baby, that will go a long way to keep rickets out of his system. So we need not fear rickets, as in the past.

Proper food, then, and the proper use of muscles and bones are the two great safeguards. There is another fact of great importance, and that is the value of light and open air.

One word of warning. A feverish illness calls for great precautions, however healthy children may previously have been, because the muscles will have been temporarily weakened. For a few days, after the fever is over, they must go slow. For a week, perhaps, they need taking right off their feet and putting into bed for an hour's rest twice in the day, if possible out of doors.

The Out-of-Doors Child

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD of babies in cages? This cage* is a safe and practical wire cage fitted to the outside of a window, big enough to take a child, certainly to the age of two. It is strong enough to support the weight of a man. Curtains can be added to give protection from the wind, the rain or the sun, as you wish. The baby asleep in the cage needs no companionship. You can watch him through the window. In the summer he can spend twelve hours or more in this way in the open, and I know several children who last summer spent the whole night in their cages as well. Such an arrangement allows for much more in the way of fresh air than could possibly be managed even if you have a good garden.

It is not only the sunshine that matters, though this is very important. If we use all the sunshine we can, there are still many days when there is no real sun—but the fresh air is always there, and we must not waste it. The average well-nourished, plump baby of two weeks old can quite safely be put out-of-doors on all except rough, wet, or foggy days, and even younger babies in the spring and summer. The time spent outside—say half an hour at first—can be quickly lengthened each day until quite soon he is spending all the daylight hours there, except those needed for bathing and so on.

Then take the opportunity of exposing the baby's whole body to the open air at the window, or in the garden. You can do this any day when the weather is fine, and it is quite safe to start at this time of year or earlier. It helps to keep the skin active, and you will find that if you do this regularly, a baby actually keeps warmer than one who is clothed all the time. A good time is after the bath; try it for a minute or two at first, and gradually

*Particulars about these cages can be obtained from the Secretary, Carnegie House, 117, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.



By courtesy of the Chelsea Babies Club

make it longer until you get up to a quarter of an hour, or half an hour. When baby can crawl, you can make it longer still, because the moving about will help to keep him warm.

Then sunbathing is really essential if you want baby to have strong bones and muscles. The value of the codliver oil which we give babies is chiefly that it takes the place of the sunlight we do not get in the winter months, because both sunshine and codliver oil supply the same vitamin D. There is no need to wait until August to start, and if you ask yourselves all the time whether it is warm enough to start sunbathing, you will miss half the chances. Ask yourselves whether it is bright enough and then you will realise that there are quite a number of days in April when a short exposure can be made, and in May most days are suitable. It is quite safe with well-covered babies to start when they are three or four weeks old, and to strip and expose the whole front of the body for ten minutes at the first exposure, and then the next day expose the whole of the back. The next time, the whole body can be exposed for fifteen minutes, and so on, making it longer and longer, up to an hour, and you can let him have his sunbathe in the morning and again in the afternoon. The sun's rays will not hurt the baby's eyes unless he is looking directly at the sun with his eyes open. So see that you put him so that he is lying sideways to the sun, or with the sun behind him.

In the hot weather, it is best to arrange the sunbath early in the day, say before 10 o'clock, or if it is later than this, then it is better in the shade of a wall. Have the wall in between the baby and the sun. It would not be so good under a tree, say, or a sunshade, because these would keep off the light from the sky. You want to keep him away from the great heat of the sun while still letting him have the light direct from the sky. Toddlers may be allowed to run about naked for ten minutes at first, then fifteen and twenty, and so on. When they are used to it, you can let them run about two or three times in the day, without their clothes on. Little and often is the plan.

Colds, Tonsils and Adenoids

MOTHERS OFTEN COMPLAIN that their babies 'are born with a cold', but usually on enquiry it is found that the baby became infected by some person near him within a few days of birth. The frequent inflammation from colds of the lining of the nose and the honeycomb-like cells, damages them so that they seem to become more and more liable, rather than less and less. Worse still, the nose becomes damaged from getting frequently blocked up, and from not being able to get the air passing through, it ceases to be used as a breathing passage. Notice that particularly. The nose in many young children goes out of use; they become what we call mouth-breathers. A baby at the breast must have its nose clear to breathe through. A nose blocked up makes it extremely hard for him to take the breast, and colds are a common reason for the failure of breast feeding. The nose that falls out of use does not grow as it should. But, if nature allows us to breathe comfortably through the mouth, what's the odds? It matters for this reason. During the first few years of life, and especially the first three years, the child's skull grows at a great pace. The development of the face, which affects the shape of the jaws and the breadth between the cheek bones, is all going on

very fast; and each part should take a proper share in the process. In many of us, the nostrils are narrow and like little slits; and our faces are not broad enough between the cheek bones, and our jaws show the same fault. Much of this is due to the fact that at this important stage of our childhood—the first three years—our noses were stuffed up and our breathing through the nose was hampered and was replaced by mouth-breathing.

On Teeth and their Troubles

I SUPPOSE there is no older experience in the world than that babies are fretful when teeth are coming through. Mothers fear various illnesses of which I suppose the commonest are bronchitis, diarrhoea, and convulsions.

It cannot be denied that these illnesses are common—especially the first two—between the ages of six months and two years, that is, during the time that some twenty teeth are being cut; but there are some doctors, and I am one of them, who are rather doubtful whether the illnesses are quite so often caused by the teeth as they are thought to be. You see the difficulty. There are two things happening at the same time. Infancy is a time when, for various reasons, the baby is liable to illness. At any time during all this period, some tooth or other is quite close to the gum, so it must be true to say if an attack of bronchitis comes, the baby is teething. Is teething the cause and bronchitis the result? I think a safer plan is always to suspect something else first. If you find someone who is looking after the child has a cold, or if the child has not got a cot to itself or seldom gets out of doors, then these are things that need attention. With their correction, the teething baby is less likely to be cast down by bronchitis every few weeks. So again with diarrhoea. If the baby is getting food it cannot digest—let us suppose food with too much sugar—the motions will be likely to be loose, without the need to drag in teething as a cause. The food needs correcting first. So, too, with rickets. The baby with rickets is well known to be specially prone to bronchitis and to catarrh of the bowel. Convulsions are more usual perhaps in rickets than in any other common disorder. But if the cutting of a tooth causes a convulsion in a rickety baby, I myself think the proper way to look at it is to blame the rickets and not the tooth.

Tackled on this plan, my experience is that the number of serious disorders that can be put down solely to teething is few. I admit, of course, teething often causes the child to be fretful and in pain, so that he stops biting hard things and even refuses his bottles for several days at a stretch. This will lead to a pause in growth or a drop in weight. Sleep is disturbed by what seem to be sudden twinges, and the child wakes with a sharp cry or even a scream. I think, too, the fretful, nervous state of a child who is cutting teeth may account for some frequency of the motions—for this is a common symptom of nervous unrest in a baby.

What can be done for the pain and fretfulness? I suppose the annual income which chemists make out of teething and soothing powders must be a very considerable one. Now the teething powders which have the greatest sale are composed of sugar, or sugar and starch mixed, making seven parts, and an opening medicine called calomel, three parts—in every ten. The sugar does nothing. So it would seem that the chemists think a purge is the best thing. If there is any upset of the bowels, I think this is a sensible plan. But if you have toothache yourself, do you feel like taking a dose of opening medicine? I think it would be better if the baby really in pain were taken to a doctor who could prescribe either medicine or powders containing something to control the pain. A warm bath will often soothe the child better than anything. See also that his bedclothes are not too heavy; that the room is not close. Rest and quiet are what the baby needs.

It is, however, sad that mothers are often tremendously interested in teething, and very little interested in teeth once they are cut. I am certain the amount of pain and illness due to decay of the teeth is many times greater and more serious than anything produced by teething. It is an exception to find a child entering school at five years with all his teeth sound.

In preventing decay of the teeth, proper food comes first—a balanced diet—and particularly a sufficient supply of animal fat, for the mother both before and after the child's birth. Look again at the pamphlet *Choosing the Right Food*. Next, the rules about food given in the talk on 'Weaning' must be observed.

Some dentists consider that soft food like bread or biscuits getting packed in between the teeth and staying there, is the main cause of decay starting. So the dentist's advice here is do not let the meal end with soft sweet food, particularly not at night. Let it end for choice with a hard crust and some raw fruit, like apples or tomatoes or oranges.

Round Europe—III

Merits of the Well-Filled Cradle

By CICELY HAMILTON

IT was announced the other day that, as a means of combating unemployment, the German Government had provided a fund of twelve million pounds, which is to be expended in loans to young couples, to enable them to set up housekeeping; and it is calculated that, by the aid of this fund, three hundred thousand couples, instead of waiting and saving for furniture, etc., can marry without further delay. I was in Germany soon after this system of bridal loan was first instituted, and when I made enquiries about it I was told that the amount in each case was a thousand marks, which in purchasing power is somewhere about fifty pounds. The real purpose of the system, of course, is to get young women out

of the paid labour market—induce them to come out by the bribe of a dowry; one of the conditions on which the loan is granted is that the wife gives up working for wages of her own, and undertakes not to go wage-earning again unless her husband's income falls below a certain amount—an estimated poverty-line. As the thousand-mark dowry is a loan, and not a gift, repayment is expected, but the terms of repayment are easy and spread over several years. Also, under certain con-

ditions, repayment is excused. The German Nazi, like the Italian Fascist, preaches the well-filled cradle and denounces the practice of birth-control; so if the wife, in addition to retiring from business, produces babies at a patriotic rate, a grateful Government will cancel the debt, and the loan will become a free gift.

As to the wisdom or unwisdom of the system—it would seem to have dangers for the future. To speed up marriage and stimulate parenthood may ease the unemployment situation for the moment; but it looks like creating fresh difficulties before many years have gone by. Germany is hard put to it at present to feed all the mouths that she has; and if this marriage loan policy means that the number of German babies leaps up, she may be harder put to it still. Also it must be remembered that a rapid growth of population is not only a matter of domestic concern for the nation in which it takes place; it is a matter of anxiety to neighbouring nations who see themselves being outnumbered. In France, for instance, they are probably watching this German marriage loan system with a certain amount of uneasiness.

To us who live on this side of the English Channel, the problem of population is almost entirely an economic problem; we think of it chiefly in connection with unemployment—how many million people our trade and industries will support in comfort. But in France the question is complicated by other considerations: the fear of neighbours whose numbers are increasing while those of France remain stationary and even threaten to grow less. For every three French babies that come into the world there are born four Italian babies and no fewer

than five German; and this higher rate of increase in two neighbouring nations, not always too friendly, is one of the reasons for the agitation in favour of large families which has been carried on in France of late years. There is a society called the National Association for the Increase of French Population which issues pamphlets and statistics and posters at election times; its policy is that the state is the debtor of parents of large families, and that therefore special provision should be made for them.

As a matter of fact, a good deal of special provision has been made during the last few years, and the principle that the parents of large families should be rewarded by the state has

been embodied in French law. Sometimes the reward is a cash down allowance towards the support of the child, sometimes relief from taxation on the lines of our income-tax allowances—and sometimes it takes the shape of a privilege. For instance, the father of a fine family—a *belle famille* as they call it—has special advantages in the way of not paying his debts. However much he may owe, his creditors cannot sell up his household goods, as they would sell up



German propaganda against a falling birth-rate. This drawing from the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* shows a symbolic Berlin house—in 1933; over four million Berliners, house full; in 1975; two million Berliners, house half empty; in 2000; only 400,000 Berliners, house for demolition

those of a debtor unprovided with children. This debtor's privilege may have its disadvantages; tradesmen, one imagines, will be disinclined to let the heads of fine families have groceries or furniture on tick.

Father of Forty!

Another privilege which the birth of French children brings to their father has to do with military service. The Frenchman is liable to military service during twenty-eight years of his life; only one of those years is spent with the colours, but during the other twenty-seven he is a reservist and can be called up at intervals for training. As soon, however, as he is the father of a second child, four years of his service in the reserve are knocked off. The same thing happens with every succeeding child—more years of service are knocked off; while when he has a family of six to his credit, he is free of the army altogether. The French father, it seems to me, does much better out of his family than the French mother. It is true that the French mother can get a decoration, a medal, if her family is large enough; the medal is in bronze when she has five living children; in silver when her family has risen to eight; and in gold for the mother of ten. But against this token of appreciation from the state, her husband can set the more substantial reward of exemption from military service; also when cash allowances, or subsidies, are paid for the family, they are always paid to the father. These subsidies, of course, are not granted in every case; they are only paid to families in need of them, where the income falls below a certain point; and when application for them is made, papers have to be

filled in, and precautions are taken to prevent frauds on the public funds. All the same, and in spite of precaution, frauds do occur; a few years ago a man was caught out who had been living in comfort on the subsidies paid to him for a family of forty imaginary children. He would probably have gone on increasing the number of his family, perhaps to hundreds, if it had not been for an unfortunate mistake on his part; he notified the birth of his fortieth child at the same registry office where, a few weeks earlier, he had registered his thirty-ninth. The official in charge remembered his previous visit and asked him to explain how his children arrived with such miraculous swiftness—and that was the end of his ingenious fraud on the public.

Mussolini Likes Twins

In Italy, also, since Fascism came into power, the policy has been to encourage large families—with a view to increasing the number of Italian citizens. As in France, there has been instituted a widespread system of reward and privilege for the parents of such families; in many districts the municipalities will give a prize or bonus for each child born after a given number—in some places the sixth, in others the seventh or the eighth. The prizes themselves also vary according to district; usually, I think, they take the form of an allowance which is paid until the child reaches a certain age. Other forms of reward are free tram-fares for the large family, reduced rates of payment for its gas and electricity, payment of expenses attendant on birth and provision of school-books free of charge. Then, as I mentioned in my last week's talk, parents who have produced several little Italians will be favoured when it comes to the allotment of rooms in municipal housing schemes; and if, in addition, the family is large enough, they will be entitled to claim exemption from various rates and taxes—including, in country districts, a tax on goats, which are very common animals in Italy. When your children are sufficiently numerous, you can keep your goat free of income-tax. One form of reward I was told of is evidently intended to rouse the competitive spirit—start a sort of family race. The local authority by which it has been instituted gives five yearly prizes, each of them over a thousand pounds in value, to those of its local families which have had the largest number of children in the course of the preceding six years. One can imagine the excitement of families which have been running pretty close in the competition when one of them produces twins! Twins, by the by, are considered a meritorious feat in Italy; Mussolini has regularly conferred rewards on women who have produced two children at a birth.

Italians Encourage Married Women Workers

Encouragement of the large family means encouragement of early marriage; but just because Italian authorities desire to promote early marriage, their attitude towards married women's work is often very different from the German and our own. By a law passed in 1929 it was decreed that preference in employment, in all public institutions, must be given to married people of both sexes, and to fathers and mothers of families over married people without children. The Italian Government argues that if a girl loses her job and her salary when she takes a husband, there will often be delay on the part of young people before they venture on the married state; and the more years the wedding is put off, the less likelihood of a numerous family. That law dates from a period of industrial activity; and I have heard that in Italy, as elsewhere, the prevalence of unemployment has meant to a certain extent the ousting of women from paid work; but there is no definite campaign against the married woman as a wage-earner, such as exists in Great Britain and the German Reich.

In all these countries about which I have been talking, the noteworthy fact is that, in spite of bad times and unemployment—by which all of them are more or less affected—there is a definite attempt to arrest birth control and increase the population. That attempt, by the way, is no new thing; in Rome of the Cæsars there were rewards for large families and taxes on bachelors, much as in Europe of today. The Roman system was by no means successful; in spite of imperial rewards and taxes the family dwindled in numbers. Nor have modern efforts in the same direction been crowned with

much success so far. It is too early as yet to say what will be the result on the birth-rate of the German marriage loan system; but in Italy, in spite of Mussolini's appeals for larger families—more Italian citizens—the birth-rate has been falling of late years. It is still high, but not so high as it was. While in spite of the National Association for the Increase of French Population, in spite of family allowances and medals for mothers, the population of France would actually have fallen if it had not been for immigration—the settlement in mining and agricultural districts of more prolific Poles and Italians.

Cannon-Fodder of the Future?

There are, I know, differing opinions with regard to this question of the size of the family and the consequent growth of the nation; but for my part I feel no regret when I hear complaints of small families. For large families mean an overflowing population; and an overflowing population, that cannot support itself and wants room to move, is one of the fundamental causes of war. All these stimulations to the birth-rate that I have referred to, all these appeals to parents to have large families, are made in part at least with a view to future war, in the hope of outnumbering an enemy. The race in armaments is not confined to battleships and guns and aircraft; there is also the race in human war material—and that begins in the nursery.

A pictorial survey of our national education system has been published for the National Union of Teachers, by Evans Brothers, under the title *The Schools at Work* (2s.) with a foreword by Viscount Halifax, and articles by Sir Henry Richards, The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, Dr. Cyril Norwood, Lord Eustace Percy, and Sir Frederic Menzies. The pictures deal with various aspects of education, ranging from the nursery school to the technical college. Effective pictorial contrasts are offered between the schools and children of forty years ago and those of today; and an excellent idea is conveyed of the variety of the modern school curriculum, and of the extent to which practical work in science, handicrafts and outdoor subjects has developed. But we regret to notice that school broadcasting is represented by but one picture showing children receiving a lesson on the theory of music; this gives a poor idea of the range of school broadcasting, which would have been better indicated by the inclusion, for instance, of a picture showing school children practically demonstrating what they have learned from the 'rural science' broadcast lessons, etc. In all, over fifty pages of pictures are shown in this book.

Into Retreat

There is a slowing of machinery,
A falling-off of labour to disuse,
Downing rattle of tools despondently.

Hardly a trickle, now, through the sluice.
Hardly a hammer knocking from the docks:
No cranes creaking, no knots to unloose.

Hardly a footstep shufflingly unlocks
The shop-door to my tapping disregard,—
All is dust and droppings in the box.

The siren blowing from the factory yard
Blows for more than noon or five-thirty:—
The last post of industry, gates barred.

Line in your files, then, no longer dirty,
No longer sweaty, no longer interested;
Mark your timeless time, cash your ticket.

This is the age for which your hope invested
Knowledge and craft, cheerfulness and courage.
This is the plenty which your hope suggested.

Stomach it.
D. G. BRIDSON

'Seven Days' Hard'

By the Rev. Father RONALD KNOX.

Broadcast on March 24

AS far as I can make out, none of the other people who have given these talks have made any attempt to do what was asked of them. I propose, therefore, to court a reputation for originality by carrying out my instructions. I mean to hand on the news of this last week as if I were talking to a listener who, for some reason, had been prevented for a whole week from reading the daily newspaper. Everything I am going to say has been published, as if it were true, by the daily newspapers. Just occasionally I am slipping in a piece of information which I have made up entirely out of my own head; but where I do this I shall safeguard myself by inserting the word 'probably'. I learned this dodge from the historians.

Well then, Sir, I can't say that you've missed a great deal. What you want to know, of course, is whether your name occurs among the list of winners in the Irish Sweep. Let me assure you at once that it doesn't; and I don't intend to read out the whole list. According to the *News-Chronicle* of Wednesday the total receipts for this sweep amounted to just over three million pounds; not two million two hundred thousand, as estimated by the *Daily Express* on Tuesday, or one million seven hundred thousand, as prophesied in the *Daily Mail* of Monday. These little mistakes will occur. Turning to matters of less importance, President Roosevelt has had, on the whole, a quiet week. He has stopped two strikes, one on the railways and one in the motor industry, established a chain of credit-banks all through the country, with a capital of a hundred and forty million pounds (or said he will, anyhow), and more or less fixed up things with Japan. In Europe, a large number of pacts and agreements have been signed, as usual. The chief of these was signed on Sunday, for the safeguarding of the Danubian countries, by Signor Mussolini, Dr. Dollfuss, and the Hungarian general whose name none of us quite likes to pronounce. The right pronunciation is (probably) Gum-boots. Pictures are given in the Press which show the Duce in the act of signing the document with a pen; which shows that the Chancelleries of Europe have not yet been reduced to keeping a rubber stamp to sign their pacts with.

In Germany, the Chancellor has turned the first spadeful of earth in the construction of a new road; one of twenty-two arterial roads which are being started simultaneously in various parts of the Reich, by way of reducing unemployment. The example is likely to be followed by other countries, and there is (probably) some talk of Mr. Chamberlain dipping the first pen in the first ink-pot to inaugurate the great spring offensive of the English taxpayers. In France, the Stavisky enquiry, as is the way of Continental scandals, is slowly broadening out from the incredible into the unintelligible. Its latest development is a huge round-up of spies in France and in Czechoslovakia; with the usual set of incoherent half-disclosures by the police to the Press. Nothing, Sir, can be less rewarding than this to the newspaper reader. When you see a scare head-line which runs WOMAN-SPY-HUNT IN LONDON: MYSTERY COUPLE IN A FLAT: UNKNOWN CHIEF'S CAT'S-PAWS: CODES FOUND: PIERCED EGG RIDDLE, you know at once that the article underneath will have neither head nor tail to it, for all the world like a bad thriller.

However, as you say, Sir, what happens on the Continent of Europe is no concern of ours. We all know that the Continent is (probably) heading straight for War, and we are going to keep out of it. A little boy, looking at the War Pictures published on the back of one of the daily papers, is reported (in the same paper) to have said 'We must never have this happen again, eh, mummy?' So that's all right. Not but what considerable interest is being shown in the air defences of London; and Sir Philip Sassoon has outlined some of the Government's proposals for making English people air-minded. The trouble is that English people seem to find it so difficult to become air-minded without becoming hot-air-minded as well.

Still, it is reassuring to note that England stands where she did; with the exception of the town of Bristol, which, as the

result of a small earthquake, has been moved fifteen hundred-thousandths of an inch nearer the River Severn, according to the calculations of a local seismologist. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries (probably) has the matter well in hand. We are informed by Monday's paper that Easter Sunday is to be observed in London this year, which is good news. It is to be observed as a celebration of 'our national revival and prosperity'. We are all to walk up and down Rotten Row in our newly-bought clothes, which ought to be great fun. It will give the lie to all the croakers and pessimists who have imagined that there is a decline of religion among the English people. There are, to be sure, one or two difficulties still to be met in the way of industrial revival. The cotton talks with Japan seem to have fallen through, and the position about the French quotas is still uncertain; the Milk Marketing Board is not getting through its work without friction, and there is trouble about bacon. On the other hand, one of the papers points out that there has been an enormous increase this month in the number of columns devoted to trade advertisements; an increase in the *Daily Express*, for example, of no less than one hundred and fifty-four columns. A consideration which leads one to conclude that the industries in which the revival has so far made itself chiefly felt are face-cream and ladies' underwear.

Standing where I do, I must not conceal the fact that the British Broadcasting Corporation has been well in the news this week. At the beginning of the week, complaints were being made that this institution was dictatorially managed and suffered from a superabundance of red tape. To remove the ground for such complaints, it was urged that the Corporation should be nationalised, and become a Government Department, or some section of a Government Department—say, the Post Office. I think that's such an interesting suggestion, don't you? I mean, if the B.B.C. were made into a Government department, we might find that it was going to close down every night at eight, as suddenly, and with as good reason, as the tobacconists' shops. Or if it were part of the Post Office, how easy it would be to deal with complaints, wouldn't it? If—for example—the embassy of a foreign power protested at some reference to its policy which had been broadcast, a sweet feminine voice would be heard over the microphone saying, 'Sorry you've been trrroubled', and the diplomatic situation would calm down at once. Anything, I mean, to avoid red tape.

A good many hair's-breadth escapes are reported this week. I had one myself, because I travelled from Stafford to Crewe on Monday on the same day and by the same line, though not at the same time or in the same train on, by, at, and in which an axle broke, and would have caused an accident if the train had not been slowing down into Crewe Station. Perhaps better worth recording is the experience of a lady in the United States who, undergoing an operation, was found to have no less than twelve hundred and three articles of hardware in her stomach, mostly screws and tin-tacks. She said, 'I guess I did it to be funny'. An eminent psychologist, however, has (probably) explained that it was due to a repression in her nursery days, when her parents were always telling her not to bite her nails. Talking of science, I may mention that this week, for the first time in the history of our beloved country, a blood-test has been used to determine the alleged drunkenness of a driver in charge of a motor-car. The divisional surgeon stated that there was fifteen per cent. of alcohol in the blood. 'Cross-examined, he agreed that, from the medical evidence he had heard, the accused seemed perfectly in command of his faculties'. Personally, I have very little sympathy with drunkards, and none whatever with motorists. But, as one who has been largely concerned with the pastoral care of undergraduates, I hope I may be excused for pointing out the obvious consideration that human beings differ widely in what may be called their psychological saturation-point; and for hoping that we shall hear no more of this idiotic modern tendency to substitute misleading measurement-tests for commonsense human judgments.

*The National Character**Tradition v. Change*

Part of a Discussion between SIR ARNOLD T. WILSON and C. DELISLE BURNS

SIR ARNOLD T. WILSON: Some of the best people in England have been telling us during the past few months what they see, and admire, in our National Character, and what they regard as its strong and weak points. What you and I have to discuss is whether the times require us to be, or at least to aim at being, something different from what we are; whether we should alter our standards, in fact, from the traditional British pint pot to the European litre. We have both travelled widely. You are a philosopher and a sociologist. I have been in turn soldier, administrator, merchant and now a Parliament man. You have made it your business to teach men to think. I have had to teach men of many nationalities and races both at home and abroad to get on with each other and to work together. You have written much with which I heartily agree, and some things with which I profoundly disagree. You want the people of this country to change their individual habits and outlook, the sooner the better—and you believe that you can help them to do so by your wit and wisdom and thus to become wiser and happier.

C. DELISLE BURNS: Yes, I believe that the situation requires a much more definite break with tradition than has hitherto been necessary. I believe that the British tradition underestimates the value of deliberate thinking, as opposed to 'muddling through'. Most of those who are opposed to thinking are the defenders of privilege. Thinking endangers privilege and private wealth. Tradition is an excuse for the maintenance of inherited wealth.

A. T. W.: Tradition is the accumulated commonsense of centuries—a sort of ballast to keep us on an even keel. Traditional standards of conduct keep the ordinary man straight and do more to prevent us all from getting into trouble than argument and reason.

C. D. B.: I don't undervalue tradition as ballast, although I prefer a cargo for keeping the ship trimmed. But I think something else, neither ballast nor cargo, is necessary to make the ship go. Tradition can generally be left to look after itself. The question more worth discussion is how to adjust tradition to new issues, or rather how to live in the modern world; and that requires thinking. Now the British tradition underestimates the value of thinking. We need to emphasise in our education and in common life the method called thinking. The unintended results of modern invention have produced a world quite different from our grandfathers', and the best sort of men and women for that world are free in mind, quick at new ideas, and flexible in habits and customs. Imaginative thinking is required to see the facts—and still more in order to make use of our opportunities. That is why we need men and women who think.

A. T. W.: And they are being bred today in our elementary and secondary schools, in our public schools and universities as well as, if not better than, in any foreign nation that I know. We in this country are changing quickly enough. The difference between us and many other nations is that we retain our outward forms, and treasure them, whilst altering for the better the spirit that animates them. Other countries change their outward forms, but keep too much to the bad old spirit.

C. D. B.: I admit that teachers are ahead of politicians in adjusting the minds of men to new conditions. But even so, our education still undervalues thinking and values tradition too highly. The British habit of preserving forms is largely the result of cowardice, but I have no objection to forms if they are strong enough to survive. I am quarrelling with the spirit underlying the traditional forms; and I say that the British have no dominant conception of social equality. They are all either snobs or flunkys.

A. T. W.: It is only seven years since I returned to England, after twenty-five years' absence. My own impression—and I too have travelled widely—is that there is less caste in England than in any country in the world, including America, where money is the sole test of a man's position. More than half the men now prominent in English public life, whether in business or politics, started at the bottom and have reached

their position by their own efforts. You are tilting against something which, so far as it exists, is less common in England than elsewhere.

C. D. B.: But, in fact, the English educational system is divided on a caste basis. Let me remind you of the statement on education in the Report on National Expenditure of 1931. The Chairman, Sir George May, and the members—Lord Plender, Sir Thomas Royden and others—signed their statement: 'Since the standard of education, elementary and secondary, that is being given to the child of poor parents is already in very many cases superior to that which the middle-class parent is providing for his own child, we feel that it is time to pause in this policy....'

Notice, firstly, the assumption that the state schools are 'charity' schools for the poor—not schools for all citizens, as I think they ought to be; and, secondly, notice the conclusion that the child of poor parents should be prevented by public policy from having an education which is 'superior' to that of the private enterprise in education, which is run for their own benefit by the middle-class. That, I maintain, is an obsolete conception of what education ought to be. The 'public' schools hold aloof from the state schools; and, as for the men who have risen from the ranks, the British tradition seems to imply that we should cream off from the working-class the few who are able enough, giving them, as a chief advantage, an escape from the class in which they were born, and leaving the rest in the lurch.

A. T. W.: I don't see what this has got to do with tradition, except the tradition that a man should pay to bring up his own family. The public school tradition is a product of the last sixty years. Anyhow, my own impressions are very different. More than half the total number of undergraduates in our larger universities are drawn from the smaller secondary schools, and the greater proportion go there with scholarships provided by the state because they are drawn from families who cannot afford to send them there without assistance. At least half of those who now direct our public life are men who began their lives not in a great public school but in an elementary or a smaller secondary school, and have not forgotten the pit from which they were dugged, or the rock from which they were hewn. But you are clearly discontented with our existing ideals. Tell me, what is our present ideal? We must define that before we discuss what should take its place.

C. D. B.: The fact that leaders in industry and politics have come from the pit or the rock does not affect the British tradition that they belong, when they are successful, to a separate caste living in a special way and out of touch, at any rate socially, with what are called the working classes. This may be due only to differences of income, but I believe it is also due to the standards which are put before people in their education. I am contrasting a traditional society in which social climbing is practised and in which able men think it right to use their ability chiefly in order to increase their own incomes; with another society—not yet anywhere to be found—based upon the principle, 'To each according to his need, and from each according to his ability'. You may know the meaning of that phrase! The ideal that I think dominates British society at present is that of the gentleman and lady.

A. T. W.: But what is your conception of a gentleman?

C. D. B.: The traditional idea of a gentleman is that of a man who is superior in culture to the majority of his fellows, and has a sufficient income to enjoy a surplus of leisure. I think that ideal antiquated for the modern world, because the tendencies are towards social equality, and we should use those tendencies to create a society of men and women with the manners of equals.

A. T. W.: The number of men and women under 50 years of age who enjoy a surplus of leisure is very small, and I have observed that they usually come to a bad end—which I would define as a double headline in an evening newspaper. Whether in politics or in business, they simply don't count. The vast majority of men of independent means work

hard—very hard—and think hard on necessary but unpaid jobs, and do not despise or look down on men who work with their hands.

C. D. B.: I am supposing that the ideal of the British gentleman is what is aimed at in what used to be called the public school tradition, in which the masters pretended to train character and entirely avoided training thought. And I say that we need a type of person today who knows how to think and is willing to face new issues in a new way. The gentleman, as I understand him, trusts to his unconscious feelings and that won't do. I am arguing against the effect upon the British tradition of the conception of an 'upper' class. Variety of occupation should not involve and it certainly does not require that the railwayman or the textile workers should be treated as inferiors. But surely everyone admits that the British tradition assumes that they are socially inferior?

A. T. W.: What do you mean by saying that public schools pretended to train character and avoided training thought? Have they just ceased doing so? Were all headmasters pretentious pedants and are they so inferior to university dons? Are we really all of us such fools? My education began in one sense when I left a great public school at 17, but I have always envied—apparently wrongly—my more fortunate brothers who went to a University and took Greats or a Tripos. I was under the impression that they were learning how to think, and how to face what you call new issues, which I believe to be fresh aspects of very old issues. The world is always changing and we change with it. To meet these changes we require not only thought but sympathy and understanding—the application to life of a standard of conduct and behaviour. That is the secret of true aristocracy—a standard of conduct, held with conviction. And this is not peculiar to gentlemen. You will find it at its best amongst skilled workmen who, because they value skill and learning, have impressed themselves and made an impression at home and abroad which has given the Englishman in foreign parts a reputation which is the envy of the civilised world. But it has nothing to do either with their education or their wealth.

C. D. B.: At certain times in human history the ideal of character and conduct has to be re-examined, and I think we have reached such a time. The test of the value of the traditional ideal of character and conduct, which I am using, is the condition of England and of the world at present. Privation due to unemployment, mal-organisation in industry, preparations for new wars, are due to social defects in the ideal character and conduct. I am searching for the sort of ideal for a man or woman which will make them destroy these ancient evils; and I say that modern circumstances favour such destruction, if we can take advantage of them by thinking. It is quite ridiculous people should lack food and clothing and house-room in a world with such great productive power; and it is equally ridiculous, if people really want peace, that all nations should be increasing the amount of money we waste on preparations for war. These evils seem to me to be due not to wickedness but to an obsolete social system, maintained by false ideals of character and conduct. I am not concerned here with social institutions. I am proposing changes in the conceptions of what men and women ought to do and to be—changes in the national ideal of character.

A. T. W.: That is exactly what men were saying sixteen hundred years ago when a single super-state controlled the Western world, and there has been a good deal of hard thinking done on the subject ever since. But do not let us be too sorry for ourselves. By every test that can be applied, the position of the man or woman in England today is incomparably better than it was fifty or a hundred years ago. The death-rate amongst infants and children is a quarter of what it was in 1801. We live healthier and longer lives. There is vastly less crime, vastly less misery and less degradation. God knows I am as dissatisfied as you are with things as they are, but I don't admit that we shall better them by changing our character. I have too great a respect for my fellows and too great a confidence in them. I believe in our nation, and above all, in their character.

C. D. B.: Of course, I admit that some improvements have been made. The important point is that the improvements have not been great enough and not by any means as great as they might be, if we worked for a different sort of society consisting of different kinds of men and women, not a superior few who are beneficiaries of civilisation and a majority who

are chiefly its victims, but an equal sharing of all the benefits and the burdens of civilised life. That ideal could be put before the boys and girls of today, and we could make a better England by working for that ideal than we can by living on our tradition.

I hear a lot about national unity and I also notice certain differences between the East End and the West End of London. I hear about equality of sacrifice; and I have seen certain parts of Glasgow and the County of Durham and South Wales; and I have also seen the cars going to Ascot and Goodwood. I am not accusing anyone of wickedness or greed. I am attacking the traditional blindness to facts which is due to lack of thinking and to the acceptance of conventional beliefs.

A. T. W.: But it is the ideal before us and our tradition. We are actually engaged in building a society in which the benefits of civilisation will be more equally shared than at present.

C. D. B.: I want a society in which men of ability should be taught that the chief advantage from the use of their ability should accrue not to themselves but to others. My ideal man or woman would be a citizen of the world, without ceasing to have his roots among his own people. And I should teach that ideal of co-operation between nations in the schools and universities, but that is not in our tradition.

A. T. W.: Is the selfish desire for gain rather than the desire for public service the aim of the most successful men? Men who risk money in new industries and lose it more often than not are performing an essential service. People who call themselves 'citizens of the world' are generally the greatest enemies of peace and carry no weight in their own land. The international mind lacks roots. I have lived abroad for many years, in closest touch with men and women of different races, and I have enjoyed every moment of their society. I have lived their life and adopted many of their customs, so long as I was with them. But I am still more at my ease in a public-house or a third-class railway carriage than in the company of the most cultured foreigners, even when I know the language.

C. D. B.: I agree that the international mind needs more body—that there are a lot of very vague people who say they love peace but who don't mean anything definite. But that is no argument against the building of a new world in which the citizens of each state will regard other states not as dangers but as social organisations for use in the same task as that which their own Government is engaged in. The British tradition of character and conduct is insular or nationalistic. I do not say that it is any worse in this respect than the tradition of other nations. That is not the point. The point is that all nations are now living in an entirely new sort of world: and that civilised life in the present world depends upon a continual interchange of goods and services and ideas—scientific and artistic—across frontiers. Our education and our politics are still those of the village-pump. I have the greatest admiration for the old village-pump! But from the pump to the pub is not the only journey a man ought to make. I plead for a new water-supply. In the old days, the peoples of different language and religion lived far apart: now we are living close together and each nation's water-supply is being contaminated by the other nation's drainage. It is like the problem of the city areas a century ago. You can't go on living as you did in the village. And so for the nations—peace to my mind is a practical problem of a new water-supply, to take the place of village-pumps. But that involves co-operation across frontiers, which has hardly begun to be understood in our schools—or, if I may say so, in Parliament. In the old tradition we prepare for war, because we have no clear idea of what peace is. That is a defect in our tradition.

A. T. W.: Give me England. Here I was born and here may I die. And give me Englishmen for choice as companions, whether for pleasure or for work—and particularly for work. I feel rather sorry for unhappy young men intellectuals who prate of coming doom and world changes and—this, Professor, has no reference to you—who don't know the first thing about life. You and I have seen a good deal of life and if we disagree—and I do disagree with you—it is because I doubt the possibility of changing substantially the characters any more than the stature of mankind by much thinking.

C. D. B.: The traditional ideal may be in some ways excellent, but it underrates the value of thought. To add a little thinking would not spoil it, but improve it.

Art

The Painter Speaks

By HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

THE further ahead of his time an artist is, the more attention he is likely to deserve—and the less he is likely to get. The truth of this has been proved so often in the history of art, and is today so widely realised, that it should make us very tolerant of our 'advanced' artists. Yet probably the gap between the painter and the public has never been so great. The reasons for this must be sought in the tremendous shove ahead given to painting since the last decade of the nineteenth century. The scientist came along with new theories of light and new pigments for the painter to play with. The photographer robbed him of his traditional function—the camera could record appearances more accurately as well as more cheaply—and gave him reproductions of the art of the past that were at once an inspiration and a disenchantment. On the one hand it seemed hardly worth while to do again what the old masters had already done superlatively well—and on the other hand the art of the ancient East and the craftwork of primitive peoples offered possibilities for developments in an entirely new direction. In short, the painter who is aware of all the changes in the modern world, and their implications, has practically no intelligent alternative but to go back to his studio and invent a sort of visual chamber-music. Like the modern composer of music, he is dependent for what little support he can get almost entirely on that fickle and treacherous customer, Fashion. The painter, if he is to survive, needs an appreciative public, such as no good musician is ever denied, and such as the writer of new verse is creating for himself. There is only one person equipped to educate such a public—the painter himself. And because his own job is a whole-time one, it is not easy to get him to put down his brushes and explain himself in words. But it can be done, and, in fact, a number of painters have just done it. Tomorrow morning there will be published a combined anthology and symposium*, edited by Mr. Herbert Read, representing the work and ideals of a group of experimental artists (already well known to LISTENER readers) named Unit One. This group is holding its first joint exhibition next week at the Mayor Gallery in Cork Street. By a happy coincidence, some other young painters, now showing their works at the Zwemmer Gallery in Litchfield Street, have collaborated in the production of a catalogue based on the same enlightened principle. Anyone puzzled by the strangeness of contemporary art, everyone at all concerned with the contemporary spirit, should try to see both exhibitions and both publications. In the latter, by the stimulus of a questionnaire, the painter has been induced to speak. Of course, as Mr. Read shrewdly observes, 'it is more difficult to ask the right questions than to give the right answers'.

Those addressed to the Zwemmer Gallery exhibitors have been drawn up, the catalogue explains, 'from experience of the type of question which the average visitor to an exhibition asks'. As they have been answered quite simply and concisely, the visitor should feel grateful. The more specialised and comprehensive catechism submitted to the Unit One members scarcely invites the same direct response. These artists have, instead, supplied informal manifestos of some length. Each is accompanied by photographs—of the artist, of his hands, of his studio, and of a representative selection of his recent works.

Most readers of the book will be inclined to agree with its editor that

we have here a body of statements by significant artists such as has rarely been seen before; and taken in conjunction with the reproductions, the result is a document of extraordinary interest and illumination.

It may be possible by means of a sequence of extracts to give some indication of the value of these statements, and I hope my brief notes on the work of some of their authors may be found useful.

Two extremes of expression within the group are represented, as Mr. Read observes, by Mr. Edward Wadsworth and Mr. Ben Nicholson. In Mr. Nicholson's paintings, Mr. Read considers, 'the plastic arts do really attain to the condition of music'. As may be seen from the reproductions in the book, his works are sensitive improvisations, exquisitely played, on themes by continental painters such as Picasso and Arp. Mr. Nicholson has the magical touch of a fine pianist and merits the same serious attention. Of his own methods



Dancing Cows, by Edward Burra

From 'Unit One'

of working he offers a delightfully revealing explanation:

One can take a board & paint it white, & then on top put a tar black & then on that, a grey & then a small circle of scarlet—then scrape off some grey, leaving black, some black leaving white, some white leaving board, some board leaving whatever is behind & some of that leaving whatever is behind that—only stopping when it is all form & depth & colour that pleases you most, exactly more than anything has ever pleased you before, something that pleases you even more than pleases yourself then you will have a living thing as nice as a poodle with 2 shining black eyes.

Mr. Wadsworth, on the other hand, who is one of the most uncompromising but experienced composers in the Unit, pins his faith to reason rather than impulse. He suggests first a general principle and then a particular definition:

The spirit of our epoch is one of synthesis and construction; and any work of art which does not express this spirit does not belong to our age. . . .

Considered technically, a picture is an affirmation—a statement of plastic facts in space—an adventure—a harmony of balanced relationships. . . .

To proceed with the musical analogy, it might be said that Mr. Wadsworth's recent works possess some of the exact and stately beauty of a minuet. Just as the great musical composers

*Unit One Edited by Herbert Read Cassell, 10s. 6d.



Landscape, by Ivon Hitchens

By courtesy of the Zwemmer Gallery



Northern Adventure, by Paul Nash (collection, Margaret Nash)
From 'Unit One'

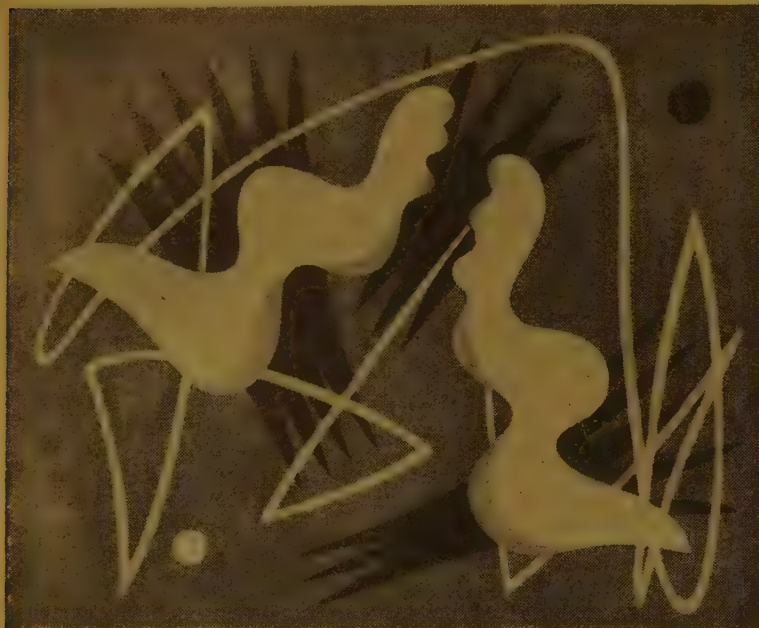


Interior, by Tristram Hillier (collection, Mrs. Craigie)
From 'Unit One'

used the minuet form, which began as a dance, in their string quartets, so Mr. Wadsworth is interested not in the original significance of the shapes he uses, but only in the patterns he can make out of them. Mr. John Bigge, another abstract painter, who goes so far as to maintain that 'representation can safely be left to the camera—which has a good eye (though, unfortunately, only one)—and has no soul', concedes that 'imaginary forms are derived or distilled from visual experi-

of this note is painting. Of the remaining contributors to *Unit One* none, perhaps, is so suggestive as Mr. Paul Nash, who writes what he modestly terms 'a provocation for research' around the problem of Nationalism in art, and the question of what is specifically English in painting. Mr. Nash also claims for *Unit One* that it stands for 'the expression of a truly contemporary spirit, for that which is recognised as peculiarly of *today* in painting'.

At the exhibition of 'Objective Abstractions' at the Zwemmer Gallery we have what appears to be an opposite tendency from *Unit One*; for most of these painters belong spiritually—though not necessarily technically—to the Impressionist school. In this respect their impulse may not unreasonably be described as reactionary. By contrast, the *Unit One* painters are, in every sense, more 'advanced', and they all are (whatever else they may or may not be too) draughtsmen. They respect the precision of line, and thus partake of that portion of the English genius which produced William Blake. The Zwemmer Gallery exhibitors descend rather from Turner and Constable. At least one painting in this gallery indeed dispenses not only with line, but with anything that could possibly be interpreted as form, and yet by its pleasing colour and texture retains an undeniable charm. Among the more 'objective' and less 'abstract' of these painters may be mentioned Mr. Hitchens (one of whose landscapes we reproduce) and Mr. Pasmore. Their preoccupations may best be suggested by likening their pictures to those of the French painters Derain and Bonnard respectively. Mr. Hitchens, in reply to the five questions put to this group, gives an especially clear account of his methods of working. Mr. Ceri Richards and Mr. Carr are also painters of mature talents. Some of the other exhibitors may have a more immediate appeal, and thus be the means of initiating a bigger



Composition on pink background, by Edward Wadsworth
From 'Unit One'

ence'—a sentiment lyrically expanded by the sculptress, Miss Barbara Hepworth, as follows:

In the contemplation of nature we are perpetually renewed . . . our sense of mystery and our imagination are kept alive; and, rightly understood, it gives us the power to project into a plastic medium some universal or abstract vision of beauty.

Another sculptor, Mr. Henry Moore, whom some of us believe to be among the most powerful living artists, suggests that: because a work does not aim at reproducing natural appearances, it is not therefore an escape from life—but it may be a penetration of reality . . . an expression of the significance of life, a stimulus to a greater effort of living.

The whole of Mr. Moore's statement is of enormous value to the understanding of contemporary art. So, too, are the notes of Mr. Wells Coates and Mr. Colin Lucas, who, being both exceedingly intelligent architects, deserve far more attention than it is possible to give them here—for the proper subject

public into the intricacies of a more intensive order of painting. This may apply, too, to some of the less 'abstract' *Unit One* painters. Mr. John Armstrong's decorations, and the entertaining fantasies of Mr. Edward Burra, and the grave pictorial compositions of Mr. Tristram Hillier (one of which has already drawn words of admiration, it seems, from no less an enemy of modernism than Sir Reginald Blomfield)—these may not be among the greatest of contemporary paintings, but they are often attractive without being at all 'difficult'. In any case, the visitor to both galleries will find not only an instructive contrast but a tremendous variety. And any reader of this note who may be able to do so should seize this fourfold opportunity to acquire (in Mr. Read's excellent words) 'possible extensions of human sensibility'.

Films Worth Seeing

In his talk on March 28, Mr. Oliver Baldwin recommended the following films, the first four of which are due for general release:

BED OF ROSES (American)—'in which Constance Bennett plays the part of what is termed in America a gold-digger, but finally falls for a charming young man with more good looks than good prospects, and after a very natural amount of hesitancy gives up the gold for a cotton barge. "Bed of Roses" is light entertainment, but its direction by Gregory La Cava keeps the interest going'.

GENERAL JOHN REGAN (British)—'also is light entertainment, but it is bright, very well photographed, and the part of Dr. O'Grady, played by Henry Edwards himself, carries the picture along without any hitches or dullness. The story deals with the arrival of an American publicity man who visits a little Irish village in search of information about a legendary Irish-American military hero. Dr. O'Grady sees the possibilities of publicity for the village, and the way he organises the erection of a statue to this fictitious general is amusing and ingenious'.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (American)—'is the American version of the original French play, an English version of which is being played at the moment in London. Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler are in the leading parts. We see a typical American bourgeois family headed by a doctor, and waited on by an old

servant who runs the whole house in spite of the wife. Into their humdrum life come a crowd of picture dealers all striving to find any canvases left by a painter who used to lodge with the family and has now been acclaimed as a genius. The fun is fast and furious'.

JACK AHOY (British)—'is a really good comedy, with Jack Hulbert at his best. The plot is woven round the life of a sailor, who is really a rich young man being a sailor for the fun of it—or in order to marry the Admiral's daughter. He gets among Chinese bandits and so does the Admiral. There are rescues and submarines and comedy all the way'.

LA ROBE ROUGE (French)—showing at the Academy, Oxford Street. 'This is an instance of a stage play that does not make a good film, and the reason is that there is too much dialogue. You who like good strong drama, however, need not be put off by that, for the all-round excellence of the acting will make up for it. When the story was first performed in France, it created such a furore that the French law had to be changed as a result, the main point being the unfairness of the *Juge d'Instruction* interrogating prisoners without their own counsel being present. It is in this scene of the interrogation that Jacques Gretilat gives such a superb performance. Suzanne Rissler rises to great heights of dramatic acting in her abuse of the *Juge* after he has tried to trap her'.

Musical Views Enlarged

Major and Minor

By ERIC BLOM

'The validity of music as an authentic expression of the Polish nature, especially of Polish national feeling in the face of suffering, is made clearer still by Paderewski: "It is a strange fact", he says, "that the greatest music is in the minor mode. . . . Music expresses first of all sadness rather than joy. When people are sad and depressed, and therefore quiet and indisposed to activity, then they sing. . . . When people are full of joy, then they cannot sit still; they must let off their surplus energy by violent physical motion. But the quiet mood comes oftener than the lively one, and in music song comes before dance"'.*

'Paderewski has an interesting comment to make on Mendelssohn. "Mendelssohn's use of the minor mode", he says, "may be connected with the Jewish tendency to complaint, which is in turn due to the trials and vicissitudes the race has suffered"'.†

THIS is distinctly interesting, if as distinctly debatable. Music in minor keys, to take Paderewski's pronouncements at their face value first of all, would seem to be very largely Polish and Jewish, and this would mean that the minor mode should be among the many things no longer admissible into the new Germany. If, therefore, to make it sound paradoxical, the minor music is the greater music, this would in turn suggest that the professedly most musical country in the world will now have to do without the finest masterpieces. I am aware of being guilty of a *reductio ad absurdum*, but that drastic method of argument may perhaps legitimately serve to expose a fallacy which has the insidious quality of being very plausible at first sight.

Before I come to the larger question of the 'greatest music', let me try to clear up one or two minor points. First of all, is it indisputably true that minor keys always express sorrow and major keys joy? It is not. Two of the most poignant laments in all music, those of Orpheus in Gluck's opera, are both in major keys, and some of the jolliest music by Bach, Couperin, Domenico Scarlatti and others is in minor ones. Still, on the whole such cases are not numerous enough to unsettle the conventional view of the character of major and minor. As a broad principle at any rate it must hold good.

Where I cannot follow the illustrious master's pronouncement at all, however, is in his assertion that the minor mode is necessarily the vehicle for inactivity and for song, while the major is that for activity and dance. As though no songs of a contemplative nature had ever been written in the major! As though no dances were cast in the minor! Is it for me to remind the great Polish pianist that out of Chopin's fifty-one Mazurkas, which, though tone-poems in little, are after all still dances, twenty-eight are in minor keys?

Then, again, there is that question of national expression. That Chopin voiced the sufferings of a Poland still oppressed in his time is not to be gainsaid, and we may even admit that it is predominantly his music in minor keys that does so. But it has been no less truly said that he also expressed Poland's aspirations, and even if we do attribute that side of him exclusively to pieces in major keys, it is not to be denied that this, too, is authentic expression of national feeling in the face of adversity. And it is not at all like the great Polish statesman and musician to regard aspiration as less great than submission to pain.

Now let us come to the more general aspect of the matter. Since Paderewski mentions Mendelssohn, he may be considered first, the more so because it is perfectly true that he greatly favours minor keys and is, I think, of all composers least inclined to finish any work cast in a minor key with the *tierce de Picardie*—a final resolution into the major triad. Yet if we think of this anti-Picardesque master's best works, the balance is pretty equal. If the admirable 'Fingal's Cave' Overture is in B minor, the perhaps still better one to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is in E major; the Octet, a little masterpiece neglected only because of its inconvenient medium, is in E flat major; and though the A major 'Italian' Symphony has the curiosity of a finale in A minor, the A minor 'Scotch' one has a concluding section in A major. What is more, of the four dozen 'Songs without Words', which leave one with a distinctly minorish impression, one finds, with some surprise, that nearly three dozen (32) are in major keys.

Getting away from Chopin and Mendelssohn, the two composers most relevant to this discourse, one naturally seeks to discover where else Paderewski would look for confirmation of his view. I fancy that he, like everyone else, casting about in his mind for the greatest works in minor keys, would first of

all come upon Bach's B minor Mass. Unfortunately, any but the most superficial knowledge of that work reveals that, though the opening chorus is certainly in B minor, the whole is predominantly in D major, and ends in that key. Not only that, but among its twenty-four numbers those in minor keys amount only to one-third. What is more, only one, the aria, 'Qui sedes', ends definitely with a minor cadence. All the others either show a *tierce de Picardie* or, having only melody and bass written out, leave the choice of the final chord to the editor or interpreter ('Benedictus' and 'Agnus Dei' arias). Two choruses, 'Crucifixus' in E minor and 'Confiteor' in F sharp minor, run on into more distant major keys. The so-called B minor Mass can thus hardly be said to be minor.

What of other universally acknowledged masterpieces? The only Mass to match Bach's is that by Beethoven—in D major, which is also the key of the choral finale of the Ninth (D minor) Symphony. The C minor Symphony also has a major finale. Of sixteen Quartets only five are in minor keys, of thirty-two Piano Sonatas only nine. Haydn is so evidently a 'major' composer that the reader need hardly be reminded how few of his 104 Symphonies and 84 Quartets are in minor keys. Not that mere statistics of this kind prove everything. Mozart is certainly an exception, the importance of which cannot in fairness be overlooked, for although major keys vastly predominate in his work, there is no getting away from the fact that he can often be at his most significant when he does choose the minor. Also, in his most profound opera, 'Don Giovanni', the catastrophe that overtakes the hero is symbolised by D minor, though it must be said that the prevalent mood, which is after all one of comedy, finds expression in D major.

Schubert, whose capriciousness of mode is perhaps the most distinctive hall-mark of his creative personality, can make wonderful points by suddenly taking to the minor, but nevertheless achieves his greatest thrills almost invariably by his favourite device of no less unexpectedly gliding from minor into major. Then, again, the classical convention, according to which a second subject in a symphony or sonata movement in a minor key must not appear in the same mode of the dominant, but in the relative major, is significant of the greater importance of major keys to composers. As for works ostensibly in minor keys which end in the major, either with a simple *tierce de Picardie*, as in a vast amount of older music, or with a more or less far-reaching modern extension of it that may affect the whole of the last movement, they come to mind in such profusion that I cannot even begin to enumerate them. Indeed, the trick is so frequent that a gibe in William Archer's book on *Play-making* might be directly applied to it by a mere substitution of musical for dramatic illustrations:

In plays of the type of 'The Worst Woman in London', it appears to be an absolute canon of art that every act must always have a happy ending—that the curtain must always fall on the hero, or, preferably, the comic man, in an attitude of triumph, while the villain and villainess cower before him in baffled impotence.

Major works ending in minor keys, on the other hand, are so rare that apart from the Mendelssohn example already cited, I can only think of Brahms' Rhapsody for Piano, Op. 119, No. 4.

One of the greatest musical tragedies, 'Tristan and Isolde', ends in the bright key of B major; in fact, not one of Wagner's mature works closes in a minor key—and it is the closing key that chiefly affects the hearer's impression of any work.

I am afraid I must flatly disagree with the eminent and much respected musician who would have us believe that the world's greatest music is that in minor keys, and declare emphatically that on the whole the major music is the greater music.

*Paderewski: *The Story of a Modern Immortal*. By Charles Phillips. Macmillan. 16s. pp. 335

†Ibid. page 186

Should the Banks be Nationalised?

(Continued from page 556)

when he works for the Government, seems to me simply to beg the question. Of course, if you nationalise anything you get more people in the public service, but that does not make them bureaucrats in any bad sense.

R. H. B.: I am afraid I don't call the centralised control of our whole industry or a great part of it a minor matter. And a man becomes a bureaucrat to the extent that he is forced to cease to exercise his own free discretion and judgment and has to wait for orders from a centralised authority. I think everybody knows what a bureaucrat is and how he becomes one. Then, again, it is my firm conviction that you should leave price and competition to be the determining factors over the widest possible field. You propose to replace them by the orders of a planning authority. I believe you would see colossal mistakes made—I don't believe any national planners have half thought out this problem of price. I have had a good many years' experience of Government service on railways and in other spheres, and also of private work as a banker, and I do not share your illusions as to constant efficacy of Governments. In its sphere our Civil Service is unrivalled, but its sphere stops short of competitive industry and banking, whether that competition is internal or with other countries. For these and many other reasons I want the Government to regulate, but not to run, industry and banking.

Now, as regards banking, I would like to get clear on one point. I take it you don't want to nationalise British banking because you think it inefficient. You started by saying that banking has gone wrong all over the world. But the surprising thing is that throughout the greatest financial crisis in history, British banking has stood as firm as a rock.

G. D. H. C.: But British industry has not. What concerns me is not only the prosperity of the banks but also that of the people generally, above all the workers.

R. H. B.: Naturally that is what we are both equally aiming at. It is everybody's object. But surely you don't attribute all our troubles to our banking system. If you look at the United States and other countries, you must admit that for not a single British bank to have been in trouble has been a great advantage to the community.

Now I should like to ask you another question. I take it you don't propose a complete nationalisation of our whole life according to the Russian method, but rather to proceed gradually by nationalising one or two industries to start with, and see how they go?

G. D. H. C.: The answer is neither. It would be quite insane in the present situation to attempt instantly and completely to nationalise all industry. On the other hand, I think it would be necessary to do very much more than merely to experiment with one or two industries. The sort of thing I have in mind is that an incoming Government should lay down a programme which would involve within a period of five years the nationalising, let us say, of six or seven of the major industries, including, for instance, transport, coal, electricity, iron and steel, and probably one or two others. As a first step towards that programme of socialisation I believe it would have to take over the banking system.

R. H. B.: I asked you those questions, because clearly, if everything from railways and iron and steel down to, say, *The Times* and *Punch* are going to be nationalised, it would be difficult to leave out banking. But, if you are only going to nationalise gradually, there are no grounds at all for the wholesale nationalisation of banks. Our great banks—I have been a Director of one for many years—are in no sense political bodies. They give credit and loans, not on political but on banking grounds. And they would be prepared to extend credit to your new Government industries just as they would now to the Port of London Authority or to the London Transport Board.

G. D. H. C.: I don't feel at all convinced that the bankers would play the game. Those bodies that you mention are at present being run under an anti-Socialist Government. Will not capitalist banks be very much less inclined to give such services under a Socialist Government?

R. H. B.: I am afraid you must be judging the banks by your own standards and intentions. For you entirely misconceive their character. They are there to do the best they can for the country, for their depositors, for industry and commerce, for their staff and for their shareholders.

G. D. H. C.: Admitted: according to their lights—which are not mine.

R. H. B.: They are, in fact, national institutions already managed by salaried officers, but with the inestimable advantage of being outside politics and free from bureaucratic control. Their business is to lend their money in the interests of the people to whom they lend it, in the interests of the community as a whole, and also with safety to their depositors.

G. D. H. C.: You think they would be just as prepared to lend to Socialist industries because their business is to lend in accordance with their conception of the interests of the community; but my point is that when a Socialist Government comes in and

begins socialising industries, then the people who are now at the head of the banking system will think that the Socialist Government is leading the country to rack and ruin and they will therefore feel it their duty to oppose it.

R. H. B.: I say the banks will always judge on banking grounds only. My second point is this. You enormously exaggerate the power of the banks over industry, and that is, I believe, the main reason why you wish to nationalise them. The only companies they have real power over are companies that are so near the bone that they cannot possibly repay their loans. I definitely assert that British banking has not that control over industry which you believe, and this, I think, is lucky, since bankers can't run industry any more than industrialists can run banks.

G. D. H. C.: I have not suggested that the banks exercise any general control over industry, though I think they could soon bring most enterprise to a standstill by refusing credit. I agree that the policy of British banking, as distinct from banking in a number of other countries, has been on the whole not to get frozen up and to keep their assets as liquid as possible, and that has been the strength of the British system. But when you leave *laissez-faire* capitalism for a system of industrial planning, you then reach a stage when the whole business of financing industry comes to be something so intimately connected with the general economic policy that you must have a plan to co-ordinate banking and industrial policy under the same control.

R. H. B.: Even if your party were so suspicious of the banks that they would not trust them, there is another course much simpler than wholesale nationalisation. It would be a very bad thing to do, but your Government could easily create a Government Bank, give it all the resources it wanted to finance the new Government industries, and thus throw only as small as possible a monkey-wrench into the machinery of the City of London.

G. D. H. C.: It would be just as foolish to create a new Government Bank side by side with the existing banks as to lay down fresh railway lines along the side of the existing ones on the L.N.E.R.

R. H. B.: It would be very unfortunate, and I should be the last to advocate it, but it would do enormously less harm than handing over to Government control all the joint-stock banks of the country.

G. D. H. C.: It seems to me quite clear that you won't get any reorganisation in cotton, for instance, or in a number of other vital industries, except by financial reorganisation; and I believe that financial pressure could be best applied by a Government control of the banking system, working in accordance with a national industrial plan. If you nationalise the banking system, you can thereby get an extensive control over the working of practically all industries. I don't want the bankers to control industry, but I want the socialised banking system to work as part of a general plan, so that the bankers will take their directions about the credit which they are to grant to industries from those who are responsible for the formulation of the industrial plan as a whole.

R. H. B.: Your governing idea, then, is to use the banks for getting control of all industries. I noticed on reading your last book what I think was a rather inelegant expression as to the power of your new Government banks to 'freeze out', when they wished, all the Discount Houses by refusing to make advances to them for their legitimate business. This is, I take it, the process you propose to extend to all industry as well. Personally I think it is very undesirable that a vast bureaucratic Government banking monopoly should be able or should even try to freeze out industries.

G. D. H. C.: I have no desire at all to freeze industries out. I want to develop them much faster under a national plan.

R. H. B.: Another very important point is this. I assert that the Big Five should, and would, always conduct their business on a sound banking basis, and should not, and would not, regard the political colour but the financial soundness of the borrower. If the Government managers were to do the same, what advantage would there be in putting in Government managers as against all the well-known disadvantages of Government ownership? You must have in mind, I suppose, that Government bankers will have some other criterion than that of making sound loans, and would lend their depositors' money on the principle that if there is some supposed compensating advantage to be gained for the community the banks might be very well advised to risk heavy losses and, in fact, not be guided by any question of profit and loss. On this sort of line you would soon get into very deep water, and the new British banking system would soon lose the confidence of depositors and the esteem of the world, instead of being regarded as the best in existence.

G. D. H. C.: Of course, banks must not risk their depositors' money in unsound enterprises, but whether an enterprise is unsound or not seems to me a matter to be judged by a national authority responsible for industrial planning and not by the

banks. As for the depositors, I hold strongly that the State should guarantee deposits in the national banks.

R. H. B.: How on earth is the national planning authority to judge of the soundness or not of the hundreds of thousands of borrowers who borrow from the banks? Has the Government banker to wait always for authority from above? These are not matters of principle, but the application of judgment and experience to an infinite number of individual cases. As for a Government guarantee of the depositors, that may help them, but it will do nothing to prevent losses. It simply means the losses will be spread over the taxpayer in general, and if they are large, as they may well be on your principles, they would damage the Budget and might even endanger the currency. But what a position to reduce banking to! No power to decide what loans to make on principles recognised as sound and necessary all the world over, and no responsibility to their depositors for losses.

G. D. H. C.: The way to prevent losses is to make industry prosperous, which the present system has utterly failed to do.

R. H. B.: If the foundation in the way of currencies and exchanges became normal industries would soon become prosperous.

Take another point: unless your party attempted the impossible task of nationalising all our activities, there must be a vast amount of business, large and small, still conducted on a competitive private enterprise basis. Think of the difficulty of Government managers deciding between the respective claims of all sorts of competitors, and the complaints to Members of Parliament, the log-rolling, and all the troubles arising from plunging banking into politics. Theorists generally envisage banking as a series of loans to big industries. Let me give you the case of my own bank, Lloyds. The number of advances we have made is over 183,000, and the average advance is £704. The great proportion of these advances must in any case be to small industries and firms and individuals conducting a competitive business, and not to great companies.

G. D. H. C.: I agree that the socialised bankers will need to make advances to small enterprises as well as large. Any scheme of industrial planning must involve deciding broadly on public grounds what amounts of credit are to be made available for different types of enterprise. That follows from industrial planning, and the banks' task will be to carry out the requirements of the plan.

R. H. B.: What a blessed word 'plan' is! It is like Mesopotamia. Your planners will have to be more than omniscient. They will have to be divine, so that not a sparrow shall fall without their knowing it. They will want inhuman foresight,

foreknowledge and agility in this terribly complex and infinitely varied and changing world.

G. D. H. C.: Of course, planning is difficult, and it is possible to make a mess of it, though it would take some ingenuity to make a worse mess than capitalists and bankers are making of the world today. But I can't see that the fact that planning is not perfectly simple is a good reason for rejecting it. We have to get out of the mess we are in somehow; and I don't think we shall get out of it until we set to work to bring under democratic control all the great sectional monopolies and private interests that are muddling things up at present. Under existing conditions all the folk in authority seem to worship scarcity—scarcity of goods, scarcity of jobs, and scarcity of money. I think we have to plan for plenty—to make a national plan that will get everybody back to making and doing useful things—and I feel sure we can't do that without a publicly controlled banking system, to work in with our industrial plan and ensure that we shall not be held up because a few gentlemen in the City regard our schemes as financially unsound. Plenty means planning, and planning means taking over the banks as an essential part of the plan. That is my case.

R. H. B.: That sounds all right, and if a vast extension of Government control meant plenty all round that would be grand. But supposing I were to reverse your argument and say it would take some ingenuity to make a worse mess than Governments are making today? It is Governments and Democracies who were responsible for the War, for the fantastic reparations settlement and for war debts, and not bankers. It is governments who raise tariff walls and put on quotas and exchange restrictions. It was Government action—both during and after the War—which has done more than anything else to ruin currencies and the world's monetary and credit system, and yet it is to Governments and to what you call 'democratic control' to which you propose to hand over everything including banking. I agree that this is a changing world and we must all move with the times. A great deal of Government regulation and of Government co-operation in getting the machinery in order again is necessary. But it is not without significance that in this country, where Government activities and interference have been more moderate than in some other great countries, we are going ahead at present faster than anywhere else. That is due in some measure to the great cheapness and plenty of money in the Money Market—not scarcity, as you allege—resulting from the policy of the Government and the Bank of England. But to suppose that by destroying the best and soundest banking system in the world you will bring more prosperity to the employed or more work to the unemployed is, in my opinion, if you will pardon the expression, a crack-brained idea.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Religious Pictures for Children

I must be only one of many who are grateful to you for the publicity you have given to Mr. Adam Wright's letter about the exhibition of portraits of Christ, arranged by the Council of Christian Education. Mr. Wright's argument for better work is so complete that nothing need be added to it here.

May I make the following suggestion? That the B.B.C. hold an open international competition (for girls and boys as well as adults) in pictures illustrating stories from the Old and New Testaments, suitable for use in Sunday and other schools. Mr. Wright regrets that Miss Marion Richardson, Art Inspector for the L.C.C., was not consulted in regard to the present exhibition. I would further suggest that the B.B.C. should consult Miss Richardson, whose remarkable work is well known, as to the formation of a small committee to judge the work sent in, the committee to consist of specialists in art and in religious education. The interest roused would be so great, the publicity so assured, the demand for the illustrations so certain, that the publication of the most suitable would present no difficulties. Further, publication in book or Christmas card form could form a part of the scheme. The committee could also arrange for the publication of reproductions of certain works by old masters, in particular those of Rembrandt.

Manchester

MARGARET H. BULLEY

Typography and Typewriter

The apparent stagnation of typewriter letter design is curious, and not altogether accounted for by Mr. Harry Carter's

explanation of the technical difficulties. I think most of the standard types go back to rather a bad period of printing and were unconsciously influenced by the printing types of that time. For instance, the vertical serifs are certainly excessively long and the tail of the small 'e' curls up too far. Moreover, though fine hair lines would be out of the question, I see no reason why there should not be a certain thickening of vertical portions of a letter. Mr. Gayton's new Imperial Typewriter type exhibits many improvements in individual letters, but I agree with Mr. Carter that it emphasises the uneven spacing. Incidentally, your first correspondent, Mr. Griffith, talks of be-seriffed types as if it were to say 'be-devilled'. The serif is a well-trying aid to the eye in reading, and not the worse because it is a few centuries old.

London, S.W.1

N. L. CARRINGTON

A Wireless Listening Group Association?

At the forthcoming Conference of Wireless Group Leaders to be held at Broadcasting House, London, on April 7, I intend, should the opportunity arise, to suggest the formation of a Wireless Listening Group Association.

In the past I have found difficulty in holding groups together because I have had to take the scheme into a club or other such place, where it has interfered with the previous programme or method of spending the evening. Probably other group leaders have experienced a similar difficulty. I feel, after three years' experience in group leadership, that group listening can only prove really successful if a room, or rooms, can be hired or

loaned by the Town Library or the Educational Authority, and a good set installed. By means of advertisements in the local Press, notices in public buildings and through the microphone, people could be invited to these rooms. The result would be an enthusiastic group of interested listeners who would come together because they were desirous of hearing and discussing the excellent matter 'put over' by the B.B.C. This could best be done, I think, by an Association which would relieve the individual who now has to do the work, and organise the affair nationally. A nominal charge could be made to cover the rent of the room and to purchase the set, and the rooms and set could be placed at the disposal of the unemployed during the day-time.

This prior notice will enable leaders attending the Conference to prepare their opinions so that some forward step may be taken on April 7.

Oldham

H. R. SMITH

Inquiry into the Unknown

I advise your correspondent, M. I. Pendered, to read *Realms of the Living Dead*, by Dr. and Mrs. F. Horner Curtiss, co-Founders of the Order of Christian Mystics. The authors have an international reputation as profound scholars of the many varied and vital problems presented in the recent series of talks on the Unknown. To quote from their book, *Coming World Changes*, on the subject of precognition or prophecy of coming events in relation to the idea of predestination, 'To us the prophecies indicate that which will come to pass if humanity persists in its present course and continues to send out destructive vibrations of inharmony, antagonism, hatred, selfishness and greed, instead of the constructive vibrations of brotherhood and co-operation'.

Sherborne

CHARLES E. BOW

Fire-Walking

At Suez, in November, 1918, I saw a number of barefooted coolies walk through a large pool of concentrated sulphuric acid without discomfort. A carboy holding some score gallons of the acid lay broken on the quayside, where a pool some yards across had collected. No one took any notice nor were any precautions against contact taken. I took the liberty of drawing the attention of the officials to the likelihood of serious injury ensuing while the coolies, pursuing their labours, passed and repassed through it. They were warned off, but apparently quite unnecessarily, for even after quite half-an-hour no one appeared to have experienced the slightest inconvenience. The acid, I may add, was viscous and apparently deadly corrosive.

Herne Bay

V. D. OLDACRE

Psychic Phenomena

Many persons will sincerely regret to see THE LISTENER drawn into an undecided quarrel, with the American Society for Psychical Research on the one side and Mr. E. E. Dudley and his friends (of whom your reviewer seems to be one) on the other. Your reviewer makes the not uncommon mistake of regarding Mr. Dudley's statements and photographs as proof, and the A.S.P.R.'s statements and photographs as *ex parte*. Both are *ex parte*, and the reputation of THE LISTENER for fair play is involved by printing photographs which involve the very point in dispute. Mr. Dudley says the photograph is 'Walter's' while the A.S.P.R. says it is probably Dr. X's.

The admitted facts are as follows: Since July 30, 1926, 'Margery' has been producing, under conditions certified by the A.S.P.R. as supernormal, wax moulds of her deceased brother Walter's finger-prints. One of her assistants was Mr. E. E. Dudley. In 1930 Mr. Dudley's services were dispensed with, under conditions recounted in the Preface to the Proceedings of the A.S.P.R., Volume 3. In March, 1932, Mr. Dudley claims to have discovered that the waxes said to be 'Walter's' are identical with the ink-prints of Dr. X, a New York dentist, a living man. A very pretty quarrel ensued, with some violent accusations of fraud by Mr. Dudley's supporters, and temperate but exhaustive enquiries in the Proceedings of the A.S.P.R. now published as Volume 22.

Every cautious person will await final proof, which this volume claims to give, but is not entirely convincing. The main point still to be decided turns on one definite fact: Dr. and Mrs. Crandon's statement is that Dr. X made original waxes of his own thumbs to show 'Margery' how to take these impressions, and that these waxes were taken by Mr. Dudley and never received back. Against this Mr. Dudley protested, and says in a letter to me, that 'the statement that I knew of or received Cald-

well's original wax-prints is false, the events there narrated never occurred, furthermore the alleged witnesses were not present, and the story is made up out of whole cloth'. Both statements cannot be true. The question can be decided by the affidavits of the alleged witnesses. To take sides now as your reviewer does is to pre-judge a simple issue which is amenable to proof.

Kew

STANLEY DE BRATH

Roman Roads of Britain

I am giving a series of talks in May and June describing a tour of certain Roman Roads. Archaeology will be by no means my only preoccupation: I hope also to include something of natural history, folk-lore, modern conditions—in fact, almost anything likely to be of general interest. However leisurely my tour, I obviously cannot hope to unearth nearly as many local details as are already known to those on the spot. In several cases I have already received kind offers of assistance from Secretaries of Rambling or Natural History Societies and Curators of Museums, but I should be very glad to receive more. May I ask anyone who is able and willing to help to add to the general interest of the talks, either by passing on relevant information or by the loan of local guide-books (many of which are out of print), to write to me, c/o The B.B.C.? Any books would be tenderly treated and promptly returned.

Of course, this appeal is only intended for those who live on or near my intended route, which is (so far as is yet decided): Reading—Old Sarum—Dorchester (Portway); Axminster—Bath—Cirencester—Leicester—Lincoln (Fossway); Lincoln—Royston (Ermine Street); Royston—Streatley (Icknield Way); Caerleon—Llandovery—Carnarvon (Helen's Way); Carlisle—Wallsend (Hadrian's Wall).

London, N.W.3

G. M. BOUMPHREY

Whither Britain?

The representation of Viscountess Rhondda's aspiration for the banishment of economic war as 'absurd', by a correspondent in your issue of March 21, calls for emphatic contradiction.

This is just the issue that challenges Christianity. To the natural economic man, selfishness is as imperative as self-preservation is in the jungle, and its operation not only inevitable, but beneficent. Not so to the real Christian; to him economic war is the denial of fellowship—a fundamental of his profession. The early Christians, by faithfulness under the most discouraging conditions, begat a character that ultimately overcame the natural, legal, materialistic Roman world.

But opportunist expedients to acquire and maintain greater power, the use of terrifying threats and physical force to support supernatural claims, begat a tradition opposed to the ideal of unselfish love, with the result that, excepting such noble souls as St. Francis of Assisi and unknown saints, Christendom slowly became practically pagan with a veneer of Christianity, and naturalism, legalism and materialism acquired predominance again. Valiant resistance before and after the Reformation availed little, and with the race for wealth in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and its intensification in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Mammon became master, war was the arbiter of success, and Christianity ineffective to stop it.

Nevertheless John Wesley in the eighteenth, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, Bishop Wescott and others in the nineteenth century, called the nation to repentance, and in our time the Churches, severally and through the Christian Social Council and the Catholic Social Union, have declared war on the economic man. Passion Week recalls our Lord's irrefutable declaration, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon'; His counsel, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you'; and His admonition, 'If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me'.

Crowborough

W. L. SHRUBSOLE

Sculpture and Architecture

Mr. John Skeaping's article on Sculpture and Architecture again raises the question of the 'sculptor' who models his work and then has it transferred to stone by a professional stone-carver; a procedure that is easily seen to be completely dishonest, for the completed work is not that of the 'sculptor', but that of the journeyman, who gets no credit for it—not that he deserves it as a rule. We shall be unable to combine sculpture and architecture until this debilitated heresy is completely abolished.

Mull

RUTHVEN TODD

Owing to exigencies of space, we regret that an unusually large amount of correspondence has had to be held over from this issue.



In the Aran Islands off the Galway coast: the spinning wheel

Photograph: Margaret Shew

The Growth of a Poet

By W. B. YEATS

Broadcast by Mr. Yeats from Belfast on March 17, in the St. Patrick's Night Programme

WHEN I was a young man poetry had become eloquent and elaborate. Swinburne was the reigning influence and he was very eloquent. A generation came that wanted to be simple, I think I wanted that more than anybody else. I went from cottage to cottage listening to stories, to old songs; sometimes the songs were in English, sometimes they were in Gaelic—then I would get somebody to translate. Some of my best known poems were made in that way. 'Down by the Salley Gardens', for instance, is an elaboration of two lines in English somebody sang to me at Ballysadare, County Sligo. In my poetry I tried to keep to very simple emotions, to write the natural words, to put them in the natural order. Here is a little poem in which an old peasant woman complains of the young. There is music for it written to what is called the Irish gapped scale. The poem is called 'The Song of the Old Mother':

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow;
And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
And the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons for bosom and head,
Their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift a tress:
While I must work because I am old,
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

A poem called 'A Faery Song' was typical of that period. Diarmuid and Grania are the Irish Paris and Helen. Some countryman told me that they slept under the cromlechs. For that reason I called my poem 'A song sung by the people of faery over Diarmuid and Grania in their bridal

sleep under a Cromlech'. I call the people of faery 'old and gay', not 'old and grey' as it is sometimes misprinted. Time cannot touch them:

We who are old, old and gay,
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told:
Give to these children, new from the world,
Silence and love;
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
And the stars above:
Give to these children, new from the world,
Rest far from men.
Is anything better, anything better?
Tell it us then:
Us who are old, old and gay,
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told.

But the best known of these very simple early poems of mine is 'The Fiddler of Dooney'. The places mentioned in the poem are all in County Sligo. Dooney Rock is a great rock on the edge of Lough Gill. I had been to many picnics there and in gratitude called my fiddler by its name:

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvornet,
My brother in Mocharabuice.
I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
And dance like a wave of the sea.

Years later I tried to return to this early style in 'Running to Paradise'. Some Gaelic book tells of a man running at full speed, who, when asked where he is running, answered 'To Paradise'. I think you will notice the difference in style. The poem is more thoughtful, more packed with little pictures:

As I came over Windy Gap
They threw a halfpenny into my cap,
For I am running to Paradise;
And all that I need do is to wish
And somebody puts his hand in the dish
To throw me a bit of salted fish:
And there the king is but as the beggar.

My brother Mourteen is worn out
With skelping his big brawling lout,
And I am running to Paradise;
A poor life, do what he can,
And though he keep a dog and a gun,
A serving-maid and a serving-man:
And there the king is but as the beggar.

Poor men have grown to be rich men,
And rich men grown to be poor again,
And I am running to Paradise;
And many a darling wit's grown dull
That tossed a bare heel when at school,
Now it has filled an old sock full:
And there the king is but as the beggar.

societies, an Irish Theatre, I had become associated with the projects of others, I had met much unreasonable opposition. To overcome it I had to make my thoughts modern. Modern thought is not simple; I became argumentative,



Unloading peats from Connemara

passionate, bitter; when I was very bitter I used to say to myself 'I do not write for these people who attack everything that I value, not for those others who are lukewarm friends, I am writing for a man I have never seen'. I built up in my mind the picture of a man who lived in the country where I had lived, who fished in mountain streams where I had fished; I said to myself, 'I do not know whether he is born yet, but born or unborn it is for him I write'. I made this poem about him; it is called 'The Fisherman':



The Post Office where J. M. Synge lived when collecting his ideas for 'Riders to the Sea' and 'The Playboy of the Western World'

The wind is old and still at play
While I must hurry upon my way,
For I am running to Paradise;
Yet never have I lit on a friend
To take my fancy like the wind
That nobody can buy or bind:
And there the king is but as the beggar.

In later life I was not satisfied with these simple emotions—though I tried, and still try, to put the natural words in the natural order. I had founded Irish literary

Although I can see him still,
The freckled man who goes
To a grey place on a hill
In grey Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies,
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped 'twould be
To write for my own race
And the reality;
The living men that I hate,
The dead man that I loved,
The craven man in his seat,
The insolent unreprieved,
And no knave brought to book
Who has won a drunken cheer,
The witty man and his joke
Aimed at the commonest ear,
The clever man who cries
The catch-cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise
And great Art beaten down.

Maybe a twelvemonth since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience,
Imagining a man,
And his sun-freckled face,

And grey Connemara cloth,
Climbing up to a place
Where stone is dark under froth,
And the down-turn of his wrist
When the flies drop in the stream;
A man who does not exist,
A man who is but a dream;
And cried, 'Before I am old
I shall have written him one
Poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn'.

Photographs: Margaret Shaw

The Listener's Book Chronicle

English Local Government. By Herman Finer. Methuen. 21s.

MR. FINER, of the London School of Economics, has supplied a need which students of local government have long felt, by writing a realistic up-to-date account of the highly complex system by which England is supplied with such indispensable services as police and fire-brigades, free education, public assistance, roads, drains and water. It is not a subject about which many people will admit to feeling continuous excitement. But it is obviously important, and those who take the trouble to examine it closely find more charm in it than they expect, and no small profit. Mr. Finer is one who has studied it to such good purpose that he actually has to end his book on a religious note: 'Every age has its symbol', he writes, 'the war-like ages had their castles, the Christian ages breathed their very life into mighty cathedrals, the era of Liberalism created Parliaments—is that not a fine faith, which, in the twentieth century, is embodied in the Town Hall?'. His book, unfortunately, will not be read by all the people whom he hopes to help, nor even by all who might profit by reading it; and of those that do accept the offer of his guidance (in a copy borrowed from the library rather than bought, for the price is not lighter than the subject-matter), not everyone will come to share his massive enthusiasm for local government. On the other hand, no one can read even parts of it, not to mention all the five hundred and thirty-three pages, without learning a number of interesting facts and enjoying several hearty laughs. The latter perhaps may not all be echoed by the author, but he deserves to be thanked for them as much as for the facts; and the facts are of the most heterogeneous character. History is in its right place, not segregated in a chapter of its own, but scattered up and down the book where it can best help to explain the local authorities that we find existing today. Facts, too, about France, Germany and America are introduced at suitable moments, to prevent the reader from excessive insularity and remind him how much more (or less) efficiently he would be provided with certain necessities of life if he lived outside England and Wales. Useful and unlovely diagrams explain how counties may contain municipal boroughs, urban districts and rural districts but never a county borough, and how different the relation of Members of Parliament to the Civil Service is from the relation of elected members of the town council to the town clerk and other local government officers. Pages of uninspiring statistics will save many students the necessity of consulting the original documents which their tutors expect them to have read, and the very extensive quotations from Royal Commission Reports will serve the same good purpose.

For all these and a number of other reasons this book is heartily to be commended; but it is only fair to warn the reader that the language and grammatical construction through which these facts are communicated leave much to be desired; the arrangement of the chapters is based on convention rather than logic; and on more than one fundamental question the author's ideas are not outstandingly original or stimulating.

Summit and Chasm. By Herbert E. Palmer. Dent. 5s.

Jack and Jill. By W. J. Turner. Dent. 2s. 6d.

Fifty-Four Conceits. By Martin Armstrong. Secker. 5s.

MR. TURNER and Mr. Palmer, though widely dissimilar poets, have two qualities in common: a fierce integrity, and an indifference to contemporary fashion. Mr. Palmer is the more bellicose, Mr. Turner (though he can be just as angry) the more aloof and contemptuous. Mr. Palmer, who revives in his work something of the old bardic fury, and who hates with a fierce hatred the intellectual poetry of our time, has all his life been a law unto himself. His utterance is independent in every respect save one. There is about it a taint of bitterness, of disappointment, however loudly hidden, that the world has not rated him at his due. This quite excusable feeling has sometimes given his work a sourness, and even shrillness, which has both lessened its effect, and stood in the way of its recognition. This is doubly a pity, for Mr. Palmer's is one of the most individual voices of the century, and his inspiration, though unequal, is genuine. The *Collected Poems*, recently issued, revealed more than a touch of genius. *Summit and Chasm* (well named, in more than one sense) shows that it is not failing. It is a myopic genius; it lets by a deal of bad verse; but, when it stands up to its full stature,

there is nothing left for the reader but to bow his head in acknowledgment. 'Trees', 'Heaven', 'To my Muse': one would forgive a deal of dross for these:

Let thrushes fill the pie, Fafeence,
And the pie fill the pig.
Let Machiavelli conquer,
And Finn and Nelson beg and dig.
Let the unjust man upbraid, and the flitting moth betray,
We two shall be one for ever when the world has passed away.

Mr. Turner's enthusiasms are as strong, but, like his verse, they are under firmer control. *Jack and Jill* is traditional in form, and this, with the nursery fable it uses, may blind all but the careful reader to its originality. It is highly original, and Mr. Turner is a highly original poet. The analysis of Jack and Jill:—

Every Jill but she
Who lies unborn within each woman's soul
Has found her Jack, but this Jack is not he
Of whom I have to tell, nor has man seen his Jill—

is subtle and bold; and many striking turns of phrase show that in the hands of a real poet the traditional measures are by no means worked out. What really makes *Jack and Jill* valuable, however, is the effect of the whole: a voice that is never raised, but commands our attention from the first page, saying something which no other living voice has found to say, or could say as well.

Mr. Armstrong's collection of epigrams is lighter fare. They are neat and accomplished. He lacks the ferocity of self-discipline necessary for excellence in this exacting art, but at his best he scores his point with commendable despatch:

Living I blew for many a year
My trumpet into every ear:
Now fearfully I wait below
The trumpet that I shall not blow

This is good enough to go on with.

Richard Trevithick: the Engineer and the Man. By H. W. Dickinson and A. Titley. C.U.P. 10s. 6d.

The late eighteenth century was a remarkable period for the sudden ebullition of native, untutored Cornish genius: no fewer than three such men, Humphry Davy, Opie and Trevithick, reached the front rank in their respective callings by their gifts, rather than by any education they had received. And of these, the least educated, perhaps the most original, certainly the most romantic in his life and career, was Richard Trevithick the engineer, of whose centenary last year this volume is the memorial.

He was born in the parish of Illogan, in the chief mining district of Cornwall, in 1771; his father was the manager of a number of mines, among them being the famous Dolcoath, while his mother also came of a family of mine-managers. Born and bred amongst the mines (alas, it is characteristic of Cornwall that Trevithick's birthplace should not have survived, for the Cornish have no sense of the propriety of these things), at a time of great technical development in mining engineering, Trevithick had every opportunity for nursing a boy's passion for engines; only, with him, it grew into unmistakable mechanical genius. It was a time of great interest in scientific experiments among certain of the Cornish gentry, too; there were the Lemons, the Enyses and the Foxes of Falmouth, while Trevithick was fortunate in attracting the attention of Davies Gilbert, on whose trained intellect he relied for theoretical verification of his fertile ideas. There is a charming scene, described in the *Life*, of a homely experiment tried out in Mrs. Trevithick's kitchen: 'A boiler something like a strong iron kettle was placed on the fire: Davies Gilbert was stoker and blew the bellows; Lady De Dunstanville was engine man and turned the cock for the admission of steam' and was charmed to see the wheels go round. A more famous experiment was that which took place at Camborne on Christmas Eve, 1801, when Trevithick drove his steam-carriage for the first time up Beacon Hill. After travelling three or four hundred yards very successfully, it broke down; 'the carriage was forced under some shelter, and the Parties adjourned to the Hotel, and comforted their Hearts with a Roast Goose and proper drinks, when, forgetful of the Engine, its Water boiled away, the Iron became red hot, and nothing that was combustible remained either of the Engine or the house'. That, too, was characteristic of Trevithick; a lovable boyish carelessness (he was in fact a giant

of six feet two or three, and of such strength that he could throw a sledge-hammer over the roof of the engine-house) characterised all his actions. But there were years of tremendous activity; he revolutionised the steam-engine in use in the mines, and then applied his principle to any and every form, from pumping to road and track-locomotion, from threshing to steam-dredging. 'Had he had the time and incentive to do so', the authors conclude, 'he could have anticipated the development of the locomotive by fifteen or twenty years'. Instead of which, in the prime of his powers and in the full tide of mechanical invention, he went off to Peru and remained there for eleven years. When he came back in 1827, with nothing in his pocket but a gold watch, having pursued the mirage of a fortune in South American mines for years in vain, he found that others had taken up the strand of mechanical invention, while, though his own powers were still unexhausted (indeed they seemed inexhaustible) he had been left behind by time. It was Trevithick's fate to have been years before his time; for others made their fortunes in South America, as in Cornwall, which his genius had made possible. As Davies Gilbert wrote of him to the Secretary to the Admiralty, 'My extraordinary countryman . . . one of the most ingenious men in the world, has never done anything for himself'. The memorial tablet at Dartford, where he died in poverty, puts it even better: 'One whose splendid gifts shed lustre on this town, although he was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his labour here'.

From this book one gains a very fair idea of the character and achievements of Trevithick; it has the advantage that the authors understand engineering, but it would have had a double advantage had the authors understood the art of writing as well. For the definitive work on Trevithick we have still to wait.

Church and People, 1789-1889

By the Rev. S. C. Carpenter. S.P.C.K. 10s. 6d.

The sub-title throws light on the scope of the work which the Master of the Temple has undertaken: *A History of the Church of England from William Wilberforce to 'Lux Mundi'*. His subject is the Anglican Church, and he treats only incidentally of religious forces in the country outside that Church. His limiting dates are well-chosen and his pages are packed with information and full of interest. The picture he gives us is that of a great society shaking off a number of shackles and abuses and becoming increasingly active. It is a society moving forward with a moving world and in some respects finding it difficult to keep up with the tide. The progress is due not to any single element in the Church, and it is not at all easy to assess the relative value of the various contributions. Early in his book Mr. Carpenter states that the Oxford Movement had, in the end, a greater effect on English church life and English national life in the nineteenth century than the Evangelical. There is a good deal to be said for this view so far as church life is concerned, but it can hardly be maintained with regard to the life of the nation as a whole. What social achievement has the Oxford Movement to record which can match the work of William Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury? But although Mr. Carpenter's own sympathies seem to have an Anglo-Catholic tinge, he clearly recognises the good work of the other schools of thought in the Church. He pays ungrudging tribute to Broad Churchmen like Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice, and very justly calls attention to the influence of the famous trio of Cambridge scholars, Lightfoot, Wescott, and Hort: of whom the greatest is Hort.

One of the most judicious chapters in the book is that on 'Ritualism and Persecution'. It is melancholy reading—a record of small things well meant but ill done and magnified out of all proportion. Other noteworthy chapters are those which deal with the development of the social conscience, with the expansion of the Anglican Communion overseas, and with the movement of thought during the period, leading up to a chapter on *Lux Mundi* (1889). Finally, in an Epilogue, Mr. Carpenter sums up very briefly his impression of the period from 1889 to the present day. He ends by expressing his conviction that 'the present generation has seen a remarkable increase in the spirit of unity within the Church of England'. As to the relation between the Church of England and the Free Churches Mr. Carpenter notes the Lambeth Conference of 1920 as a landmark. 'The Church of England', he says, 'having laid aside since Lambeth, 1920, the old ambition of absorbing other communions into itself, is engaged now in a whole series of endeavours to obey the clear intention of our Lord, to roll away the reproach

of centuries, and to be saved from the futility of waste and competition. The hope is to find a way of truth and wisdom which will combine the preservation of that for which we stand, and must stand, with a recognition of what God has wrought in others. Given that, there will be reason to anticipate that a united Church will see even greater things than these'. Along such lines as these there is indeed, in spite of the theological uncertainty which Mr. Carpenter recognises as at present existing, great hope for the future.

Heinrich Heine: A Life Between Past and Future

By Ludwig Marcuse. Sidgwick and Jackson. 12s. 6d.

The fault of this book is that it tells us so little about Heine. Much of its three hundred and fifty pages is filled with dissertations on the conditions of Europe during the first half of the nineteenth century, with stories of Metternich, Gentz, Claude Henri de Saint-Simon and other political notabilities, who bulk large in the general background but have little or no direct connections with the poet. The author becomes so immersed in his analyses of political forces and counter-forces that he forgets for whole chapters the enigmatic, lyric genius of whom he set out to write. When Heine occupies the stage at all, we see him as a pamphleteer engaged in acrimonious disputes with his publisher and the Prussian censorship, as a dissatisfied pensioner quarrelling with his wealthy uncle in Hamburg, as a chronic invalid who was eight years a-dying; but of the sublime poet whose songs haunt eternally the ears of men Herr Marcuse tells us next to nothing. The poet's family and intimate friends are treated just as cursorily. Even the fascinating Mathilde, who made bearable Heine's long last agony, steals unintroduced into the book and remains little more than a name. Once or twice the author becomes uneasily aware of these omissions and treats us to a page or two of imaginative rhetoric, such as the passage which purports to reproduce Heine's musings on the shores of the North Sea.

'I do not demand the language of Goethe', said Heine, writing of the *Journal of Jewish Science*, 'but at least let it be intelligible'. If the author of this book (and his translators) had been of one mind with him the reader would have had cause for gratitude. What is one to make of this?—'Was the unnamed instrument of an ideal—the ideal of the equality of all men—only calling upon God's name in order to help in the dissemination of this ideal?' Or this: 'His poetically opened eyes were still larger than his knowledge of the laws of European society'.

Life in the United States. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Scribner's Magazine had the excellent idea of offering a prize for the best article reporting a first-hand experience or observation from life in the United States. The twenty-seven narratives in this book are chosen from some 4,500 contributions. The editors, we are told, hoped to discover 'a more wholesome and contented picture of life' than the work of the foremost professional writers suggest. It is, therefore, ironical that the first prize was awarded to a description of a race-riot in Oklahoma, in which numbers of innocent negroes were gaily massacred. But the narratives as a whole do form a pleasing picture-gallery, chiefly because they express that love of the countryside in which the American city-dweller (unlike his European counterpart) is usually lacking. Above all, they reflect the 'amazing diversity of American life. It is not for nothing that the name of the United States is plural. Their size (almost as great as that of Europe), the variety of climates they include, the even greater variety in the racial origin of their inhabitants, negroes, Indians, Chinese, Filipinos, as well as every type of European, provide a 'melting-pot' which is highly inefficient. The American politician, journalist and business-man are always holding up the ideal of the 100 per cent. American just because this is an ideal and not a reality. The United States remain a continent rather than a country. Moreover, it is standardised urban America, with its religion of speculation, instalment-buying, production for its own sake and Rotarian optimism which has suffered moral bankruptcy. The farmers, fishermen, trappers and lumbermen are suffering like the bankers and salesmen, but their philosophy of life has not been proved invalid. The number of papers in *Life in the United States* devoted to remote rustic life shows where America is looking for salvation. We are taken to frozen and almost unexplored mountains in Montana, to the wild Appalachian country, to the cotton plantations, to New Mexico, and (perhaps most attractive of all) to the Mississippi, below New Orleans. The standard of writing is very high, quiet, accurate and convincingly honest. The English reader will find the book of

"No Magic in Journalism"

declares SIR MAX PEMBERTON

In the course of a recent interview the question was put to Sir Max Pemberton, "What special qualities, in your opinion, are essential to success in journalism?"

Sir Max's reply was brief but definite.

"There is no magic in journalism," he said. "The qualities called for are simply a fair education, willingness to learn, and the wisdom to accept the guidance of a competent instructor."

"That does not leave out of account the journalist who rises to pre-eminence. He may possess an unusual *flair* for the work, but even he cannot do without education, study, and guidance. These are things without which none can succeed in contributing to the modern Press."

Coming from such a source this advice should encourage those who have a taste for writing, but who are deterred by their mistaken belief that success in Journalism is due to a kind of "gift."

If that were so, hundreds who, to-day, are figuring prominently in the Press might never have achieved anything.

The truth is that the successful journalist is the product of *teaching*, just as the practitioner in law, medicine, or any other of the professions is the product of teaching. Success attends only those who recognize and act upon that fact.

Two Ways of Learning

"There are only two ways by which you can learn to write for print," declared a famous editor. "You can learn by experience—that is, by your mistakes. But that is a long road, and you may give it up in despair."

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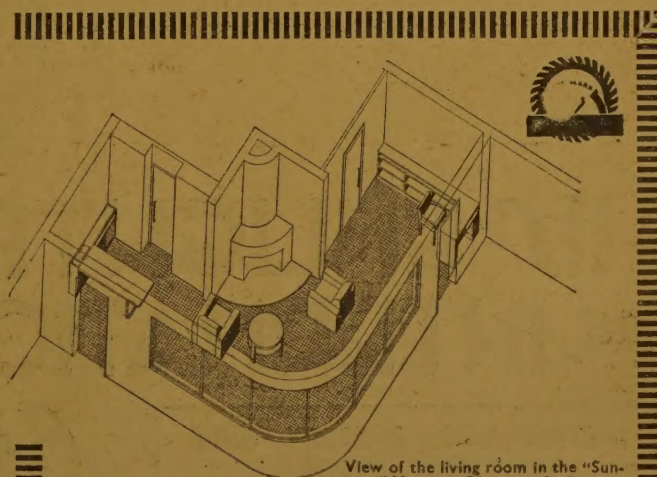
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fascinating interest, for nothing could be more different from the Hollywood presentation of America—that skyscraper fairyland, inhabited by gangsters, millionaires, night-club queens and comic negroes. A book as enjoyable as it is informative.

From Moscow to Samarkand. By Y. Z.

Hogarth Press. 6s.

This is a record written by an anonymous Russian of a journey through that part of Russia of which we hear least—the remote South-Eastern territories beyond Bokhara and Samarkand to the borders of Afghanistan and China. Its chief interest lies in its account of the penetration of Soviet ideals and Soviet administration into the lives of Asiatic races—for these people have not been even nominally Russians for more than sixty years. The pre-Revolution routine persists in all the appearances of daily life: the bazaars still conduct their traditional competitive marketing; time stands still as it always did in those roadside caravanserais where they sit round the samovar and gossip the night away; and the primitive laws of hospitality are not yet complicated by the need to produce your identity papers wherever you go. And in provinces like Kirghizia the amenities are as rare as they are in Patagonia. The major mode of transport is still the 'arbakesh', a flat springless platform on huge wooden wheels, a contraption which is torture to the unfamiliar. Yet the Soviet is pushing its way into this old life. In an ancient town like Ferghana Russian officialdom is at work, represented by a new type, 'hard, businesslike, unscrupulous . . . not the soft brooding type of twenty years ago'; and the native population is responding to the demand for labour in the factories and on the collective farms.

The new dispensation is illustrated, too, by the large numbers of waifs from the West—Russians who have been disfranchised in the Western Soviets and who are wandering East to create what might have well become a 'poor white' problem. In fact, however, this casual element is being rapidly absorbed into the growing industrial environment. Apart from his interesting account of Asiatic Russia in transition, Y. Z. writes very attractively of the people and places of these far provinces. His chapter on Bokhara is particularly good—Bokhara whose romantic name is belied by its shabby squares and its moth-eaten buildings, Bokhara which symbolises that wholly superficial civilisation which Tamerlane imposed on Turkestan in his spectacular passage across Asia. *From Moscow to Samarkand* has the merits of freshness, reliability and style, and is altogether very enjoyable reading.

Here's England. By Dorothy Hartley

Rich and Cowan. 9s.

Townsfolk will enjoy this book, but the real countryman, and woman, will revel in it, for it carries the breath of the hedgerows

and the sheep pens, of cheese-making and cyder; and Miss Hartley, true vagabond artist that she is, copies no one else's methods, borrows technique from none. Not that she is ashamed to borrow, or steal, for her memory is a storehouse of countryside wisdom and lore culled from the living and the dead. The writing is, as it should be, inconsequent: there is a loose arrangement by months, but they no more obtrude than they did in Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Memories of the Months*. If there were space for quotations one might start with 'July: Waste paper mills', but, on the whole, it may be as well that brevity is essential for nearly all the book is quotable, and the few paragraphs selected might not appeal to some who would find much else to devour in it. This much, however, can be said. 'If you had told me that a waste paper mill could be such a joyous place, I never would have believed it', Miss Hartley says, and she is quite right, but with her we now believe, and hers is the art that makes our unseeing belief possible. She convinces doubting Thomases.

The photographs, and they are many, vary considerably in quality, but they were obviously taken just when and as they occurred. Neither nature nor man was called on to await a better light, or to smile and look pleasant. They resemble neither the ordinary tourist's snapshots nor exhibition works of art, but they are helpful accompaniment, and that is a rare quality. One may, however, find fault legitimately with the reproduction. Lithography has been used throughout with apparent general loss in the half-tone reproduction of the pictures, besides making thick the letterpress. Luckily this imperfection cannot spoil the book.

Ourselves 1900—1930. By Irene Clephane

Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

This is a rather disappointing successor to *Our Fathers* and *Our Mothers*, by the same author. The chief deficiency is in the choice and arrangement of the pictures, and in the poor quality of the half-tone reproductions. It is not that many of the pictures are not interesting, but rather that the chronological arrangement does not show them to the best advantage. Anyone who remembers the pre-War period will notice many serious gaps in the picture chronicle of the 1900-1914 period. Political events, such as the General Elections of 1906 and 1910, go unrepresented, and so do many of the typical public men of the period. Sport and fashions provide a disproportionately large share of the 'social life' of the period, whilst social reform, the problem of 'the condition of the people', and working-class life in general are hardly touched upon. It was not a happy thought to label the War period an 'interlude': for the suggestion that after 1918 we took up again the thread of the life we lived before 1914, though borne out by the scrappy choice of pictures for the post-War period, is fundamentally incorrect. An opportunity has been missed in this volume.

Commonsense on India

India, What Now? By N. Gangulee. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

A FAMOUS REMARK OF SYDNEY SMITH—who has recently been brought back into vogue—to the effect that 'the feasts and fasts of the Church were indifferently well observed—the rich kept the feasts and the poor the fasts', is recalled by a comment of Dr. Gangulee's: 'During the great agitation of 1905 our political showmen tried to draw the untouchables into the political arena by "feasts", and today the leader of the Congress aims at achieving the object by "fasts"'. The words are symptomatic of a growing discontent in Indian minds. Indians have been unlucky; their complex problems need slow and cautious consideration, while the time-spirit has grown impatient and the age is marching fast. We have evolved a 'White Paper', which the diehards consider perilously advanced. As a matter of fact, it is already largely irrelevant, being based on a system of mediæval check and countercheck, of Muslims against Hindus and Sikhs, of Princes against popular election. 'India, what now?' Dr. Gangulee asks; and the answer seems to be, Well, the White Paper is probably the best that is practicable. It has honesty behind it, and close and careful thinking, and tenacious bargaining. But it does not seem much of a solution to Indians who, like Dr. Gangulee, are aware that both Hinduism and Islam are undergoing a basic change, that one is about to crack and fissure and perhaps dissolve, while the other is looking at Turkey and seeing in her a regenerated and modernised Islam, beginning in a national republic and holding out the promise of a new internationalised Islam when the rest of the Muham-

madan world has succeeded in its own series of reconstructed republics. The man who questions the need of an ark is merely an irritation to those who are already afloat. Dr. Gangulee is one of countless Indians aware that a deluge has begun, but doubtful of the White Paper's efficacy as an ark.

Not that he wastes time in querulous criticism, as so many Indian writers do. The one criticism he does bring bitterly against the Administration is against the perfectly ridiculous obsession it has always had, since the Mutiny, concerning the peril of interfering with social and religious customs. This exaggerated fear has kept monstrous evils in existence long after they could have been swept away as completely as widow-burning was swept away. For the rest, Dr. Gangulee pleads for a reconstruction of Indian industrial and, especially, agricultural life. His book is not politics; it is commonsense which is fairly notorious in circles that do any thinking about India. He is frank about what Hindu politicians are pretending to do for the Untouchables; it is eyewash. And he wants, as men and women are increasingly wanting everywhere, a period of national 'planning'. Votes have doubtless had their value, but they have not saved England. Speeches were never at a lower premium than today. America is having a National Plan, and God knows that India and England need one also. It does not matter what kind of Government does it, but there should be reconstruction, with men who look far ahead working on it.

EDWARD THOMPSON

New Novels

The Tales of D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 8s. 6d.

14A. By Laura Riding and George Ellidge. Barker. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THIS collection of Lawrence's tales is, quite apart from its intrinsic interest, a fine piece of publishing. It contains all the short stories and short novels of Lawrence already issued by Messrs. Secker, and they range in length from 'St. Mawr', which is virtually a novel, to stories of a few pages. The whole is excellently produced, and at eight-and-sixpence is extraordinarily cheap. The stories are arranged in chronological order, running from 'The Prussian Officer', published in 1914, to 'The Man Who Died', which appeared in 1931 after Lawrence's death, and thus give us not only a great representative body of his most excellent work in prose, but also a bird's-eye view of his development as a writer. The only fault that might be found with the book is that the dates of publication of the various stories are not given. That would have been illuminating and also have enabled one to tell more accurately when the change set in that caused the great difference between the later stories and the earlier ones.

That difference is enormous and might roughly be described by saying that in his earlier stories Lawrence was concerned with life and in his later ones with his dreams about life. The three short novels which make up the volume called *The Ladybird* seem to form a convenient landmark between these two phases of his production. One of them, 'The Fox', is almost entirely in his early style, and is one of the best stories he ever wrote; but the other two, 'The Ladybird' and 'The Captain's Doll', already contain the seeds of such future fantasies as 'The Woman Who Rode Away', 'The Princess' and 'The Man Who Died', which are less interesting as works of art than for the light they throw on Lawrence's state of mind. Already in these two stories his dreams of possible modes of living are confused with the simple and intense perception of actual living which gave such depth to his first work; characters are made to feel as he wishes them to feel or thinks they should feel, and sensations fall into categories or degenerate into clichés. The seeds of this change were, no doubt, innate though quiescent even in his earliest work; one can guess at them in a turn of phrase, a twist of imagination; but in 'The Ladybird' they begin to sprout, and in 'The Woman Who Rode Away' and 'The Man Who Died' they flourish wild. There seems no doubt that as he grew older Lawrence lost more and more the intense interest in life which he had as a young man and which made his response to it that of a great artist; and 'The Man Who Died', melancholy reading as it is compared with the stories in 'The Prussian Officer', is interesting for the indirect proof it provides of this. Lawrence's own voice can be heard throughout the story under the thinnest disguise:

He could move if he wanted: he knew that. But he did not want. Who would want to come back from the dead? A deep, deep nausea stirred in him, at the premonition of movement. He resented already the fact of the strange, incalculable moving that had already taken place in him: the moving back into consciousness. He had not wished it. He had wanted to stay outside, in the place where even memory is stone dead.

All the first part of the story has this intense sadness, this almost post-mortem sorrow, relieved only by outbursts of ineffectual anger, the retrospective anger of someone who is no longer in the world:

So always he must move on, for if he stayed, his neighbours would the strangling of their fear and bullying round him. There was nothing he could touch, for all, in a mad assertion of the ego, wanted to put a compulsion on him, and violate his intrinsic solitude. It was the mania of cities and societies and hosts, to lay a compulsion upon a man, upon all men. For men and women alike were mad with the egoistic fear of their own nothingness. And he thought of his own mission, how he had tried to lay the compulsion of love on all men. And the old nausea came back on him.

But the hope realised of the second part of the story is even sadder, and the sacrament of love that is to make life new again is as ghostly as some encounter in the kingdom of the shades. Lawrence's hope no longer lay in this world but in a dream within his mind.

From what quality or defect this change in Lawrence's later work sprang cannot be guessed at with certainty, but there was always a great deal of self-will in his genius: he saw intensely but wilfully. This can be seen even in an early story like 'The Prussian Officer':

But it was only the outside of the orderly's body that was obeying

so humbly and mechanically. Inside had gradually accumulated a core into which all the energy of that young life was compact and concentrated.

There, in the middle of a story filled with superb imagination, we all at once come upon a bald dogmatic assertion, and all Lawrence's work, even his earliest and best, is strewn with these sudden little dogmatic assertions; it is as if the man of imagination had withdrawn for a moment and another, pragmatic and pushing, had taken his place. In his first stories these assertions are assertions about the feelings and inward workings of the characters; but in his later ones they are widened to embrace the most comprehensive generalisations on all sorts of things, while still essentially remaining as self-willed and personal as they were at the beginning:

With sudden horror she realised that she must be in the Marne country, the ghastly Marne country, century after century digging the corpses of frustrated men into the soil. The border country, where the Latin races and the Germanic neutralise one another into horrid ash.

The last sentence illustrates two of the worst faults of his later style. He attributes feelings which only he himself would have to his characters; and then he exalts those feelings into a statement of general validity. One of the results is that at such moments his style, at its best so close and vivid, becomes uneasily melodramatic:

And dimly she realised that behind all the ashy pallor and sulphur of our civilisation, lurks the great blood-creature waiting, implacable and eternal, ready at last to crush our white brittleness and let the shadowy blood move erect once more, in a new implacable pride and strength.

That is the same kind of fault as: 'Inside had gradually accumulated a core into which all the energy of that young life was compact and concentrated', but grown so rank and intellectually monstrous that it twisted Lawrence's whole view of life. There were two men in him: one great and one small. The great one, the man of imagination, never interfered with what he was describing, but devoted to it an intense and single attention unexampled in his generation. The other, subdued at first, ended by interfering with everything. The interferer was a man of immense eccentric talent, sometimes wise, sometimes tiresomely facetious, sometimes splenetic, occasionally a bore, but always, at least when he interrupted or distracted or put out the man of imagination, a spoil-sport and a leveller. He never quite got the better of the man of genius, however, and there are a few stories in the latter part of this volume, such as 'In Love' and 'None of That', which are nearly as good as almost all of them are at the beginning. The book gives a new sense of Lawrence's fecundity of imagination and of the power and essential strangeness of his genius. It contains an impressive body of his best and most concentrated prose work.

In a novel written by two authors it is difficult to know how much to attribute to either. If one regards 14A as the work of Miss Laura Riding one cannot but feel disappointed with it, for Miss Riding is a writer of eccentric but original and rare endowment. But take it as one will, it is well above the level of the average good novel. It is pleasantly unexpected in form, being written exclusively in dialogue with descriptive directions. But what most distinguishes it is the quality of the dialogue. It is of the Ibsenian kind that is to be found among modern plays only in Mr. James Joyce's greatly undervalued *Exiles*, and its object is to resolve a situation in a particular way, not conventionally or practically by bringing the action to some dramatically satisfying point, but invisibly and to achieve a different and more fundamental relation between the characters involved. 14A does not do this with the closeness and truth of *Exiles*; it is not so essential; but it is an unusual book.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Company Parade*, by Storm Jameson (Cassell); *Family Skeleton*, by Kathleen Coyle (Nicholson and Watson); *That Was the End*, by Bruno Brehm (Hurst and Blackett); *Luminous Isle*, by Eliot Bliss (Cobden-Sanderson) —the first two 7s. 6d., the last two 8s. 6d.